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{ From Beginning,
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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

"PAINTER UNKNOWN."

[These words are attached to several pictures in the Winter Exhibition of old masters, at the Royal Academy.]

REMBRANDT is here who is famous in story,
 Beauties by Romney are fair on the wall,
 Turner and Titian add to their glory,
 Van Dyck and Gainsborough come at our call.

Constable's peaceful repose, Morland's action,
 Claim us, Sir Joshua well holds his own;
 Yet there's one legend has strangest attraction,
 "Painter unknown."

Here mid the men who will shine through the ages,

Known by their names to all folks under sun,
 Shadow-like he, on historical pages,
 Lives on alone by the works he has done.
 Praise he may win on the keenest inspection,
 Critics may rave of his touch and his tone,
 Still of his name there is no recollection,
 "Painter unknown."

Yet in the old days how patient his labors,
 Trying what colors would match and would blend,

Winning applause, it may be from his neighbors,
 Hopefully looking for fame in the end.

Now fame has come, give him due gratulation,
 Here mid the princes of art we enthroned —
 Whom? Ah! that catalogue's grim annotation,
 "Painter unknown!"

Funch.

THE SHADOWED CROSS.

In wedded love our lives had twined
 One year — one careless, golden year —
 And then he died, my darling died;
 And, for the joy that harbored there,
 My heart was filled with dark despair.

I traced the haunts he loved the best
 In dear, lost days — alas, so brief!
 And mem'ry's breathings, once so sweet,
 But fanned the furnace of my grief:
 They brought no tears to my relief.

At early dawn I sought his grave,
 'Mid quaint-carved stones, o'ergrown with moss,

And lo! upon the hallowed mound —
 In seeming emblem of my loss —
 There fell the shadow of a cross.

And, kneeling there in tearless woe,
 Methought I heard my darling say:
 "O love! thy grief a shadow is,
 Which, as a dream, shall pass away,
 Where shadows melt in cloudless day!"

Then found my anguish vent in tears,
 Strange tears of heav'n-born peace, that shed
 Around my soul a holy calm:
 And when I rose, thus comforted,
 The shadow from the grave had fled!
 Chambers' Journal. J. W. BROWN.

THE LOST LAND.

I.

A SUMMER glory,
 An arch of azure sky,
 Deep waving forests, made glad by song of bird,
 Broad sweeps of clover,
 And yellow corn-fields high,
 Where winds float over,
 And rippling waves are stirred.

II.

I knew a land once, passing fair to see,
 But that was long years since — ah! long ago.
 This northern clime, these trackless fields of snow,

This winter midnight, now remain to me.
 The days are changed, the season, and the year.

In the pale moonlight spectral shadows creep
 O'er silent meadow-lands fast bound in sleep,
 Snow-covered, buried deep, most white and drear.

'Neath gnarled black trees, the blacker shadows lie,
 And slowly moving through the soundless night,

Like ghostly dials, mark the hours' flight,
 As the wan moon sinks down the western sky.
 And the chill dawn steals upward dim and grey;

Cold was the night, and cold and bleak the day.
 ANONYMOUS.

THE DYING BUDDHIST'S HYMN.

I go to Him in whom all is,
 The self-existent Perfectness;
 Who knows not of finality,
 The only Being that can be;
 Who, without motion can create,
 Or, motionless, annihilate
 A world whose cup is brimming high
 With will, and self, and blasphemy.

Unto the All be honor given, —
 I shall not see him, even in Heaven;
 The outline of Infinity,
 The substance of Divinity,
 Created spirit may not grasp;
 Only by faith his knees I clasp.
 My little rill draws near the sea,
 Source of my soul, I come to thee.

Spectator.

W.

From The Edinburgh Review.
CARTHAGE AND TUNIS.*

WHEN Cato the censor flung from the folds of his robe on the floor of the Roman senate-house figs luscious with African sunshine, freshly gathered in Zeugitanean gardens, he offered, together with an argument for the destruction of Carthage, an explanation of her greatness. Her vicinity to Europe rendered her the rival of Rome, and Rome could not tolerate a rival within three days' sail of the mouth of the Tiber. Although geography does not teach us past, any more than it enables us to predict future history, we cannot fail to perceive that the configuration of land and water plays an important part in the development of nations; and the configuration of land and water is a patent, and, in the main, unalterable fact, subject to none of the vicissitudes which beset other sources of information. Written records are fragile, and subject to perversion; architectural monuments have perished, or survive only to perplex; the savage or ignorant heedlessness of a conqueror has more than once obliterated from memory the efforts and the culture of generations; but the roads and rivers that traverse seas and oceans are the same now that they were four thousand years ago; the same currents flow past the same coasts; the same winds impede or assist navigation; the same islands break the monotony of the waters; the same rivers bring down the tribute of the hills to the shore. It is true that mutual encroachments, slight, yet by no means unimportant, have locally altered the relations between land and sea; but such changes are due to causes easily recognized, or still in actual operation, and are

thus inadequate to efface, while they help to account for the swerving track pursued from shore to shore by commerce and empire.

The Mediterranean has an inner as well as an outer threshold.* Across the narrow ocean door of the Straits of Gibraltar lies a bar rising to within twenty fathoms of the surface of the water; and eight or nine hundred miles farther to the east, the gap of ninety miles between Europe and Africa is bridged to the sounding-line by a series of relatively shallow banks, stretching irregularly from the south-western angle of Sicily to Cape Bon. The great inland sea is thus seen to consist of two very distinctly separated portions, of which the inner, or eastern, is both more extensive, more variously articulated, and the recipient of more considerable river reinforcements than the outer, or western basin. It was here, in the farthest corner of the Levant, that a tribe speaking a Semitic tongue closely allied to the Hebrew abandoned the nomad habits of their ancestors, and, building some huts beside a creek sheltered by an island breakwater, took to the sea, and called themselves Sidonians, or "Fishermen." This in all likelihood occurred not far from four thousand years ago; but a date, whose probable error is counted by hundreds of years, must be given and taken with extreme reserve. It was at any rate a memorable day for humanity when the first colonizing and commercial power which the world had seen launched its rude craft tentatively on the Mediterranean.† On that day the arts and culture of the East may be said to have set out on their journey to the West, and the long process to have begun by which the sceptre was transferred from the primeval "river kingdoms" to the republics of the Inland Sea, and from them passed to the "ocean empires" of modern times.‡

The era of exclusive Phœnician sway in the Ægean began and ended during the mythical period known in Greek chronology as "before the Trojan War."

* *i. Carthage and the Carthaginians.* By R. BOWEN SMITH, M.A. Second edition. London: 1879.

1. *Geschichte der Karthager.* Von OTTO MELTZER. Vol. I. Berlin: 1879.

2. *Travels in the Footsteps of Bruce in Algeria and Tunis.* By Lieut.-Colonel R. L. PLAYFAIR. London: 1877.

3. *The Country of the Moors. A Journey from Tripoli in Barbary to the City of Kairwân.* By EDWARD RAE, F.R.G.S. London: 1877.

4. *En Tunisie.* Par ALBERT DE LA BERGE. Paris: 1881.

5. *Algeria, Tunisia e Tripolitania.* Di ATTILIO BURNIATTI. Milano: 1881.

* "*Limen maris interni*," Pliny, Nat. Hist. iii. 2, quoted by Böttger, *Das Mittelmeer*, p. 116.

† Kenrick, *Phœnicia*, p. 186.

‡ Böttger, *Das Mittelmeer*, p. 1.

Amongst the exploits recorded of Minos, the legendary king of Crete, was that of having cleared the seas of Phœnician and Carian pirates, and a groundwork of historical truth doubtless underlay the tradition. A hardy race, settled in a land specially organized, it might be said, as a nursery of mariners, was not likely to allow the profits and adventures of seafaring enterprise to remain long in the hands of strangers. Pupils became rivals, by an example frequently repeated, and tolerably certain to recur; and thus began the long competition between Greek and Phœnician, which, rightly regarded, gives the clue to the memorable history of the greatest of Phœnician colonies. Bloody deeds were done, we may be sure, upon the high seas, while the issue was still doubtful, and treacherous reprisals taken; but the struggle was conducted by individual initiative, not by national effort. For the policy of the Phœnicians was essentially of an unheroic or arithmetical character. They did not fear danger, but they balanced advantages. They were not cowards, but they were calculators. When the perils began to outweigh the profits, they looked elsewhere for a field of commercial activity, where life premiums, so to speak, were less high. The world was wide, and for the most part still unexplored; distance was pregnant with possibility; and they knew how to steer their course across untried waters with the help of the steady pole-star, long before the Greeks had ceased to look for guidance to the seven circling lights of the Great Bear. So they quietly withdrew their settlements from the islands of the Archipelago before the advancing flood of Doric and Ionic immigration, and turned the goblin figure-heads* of their penteconters in quest of a new world of traffic towards the setting sun.

While the Israelites were as yet in the bondage of Egypt, the Phœnicians had already passed the Straits, and attempted

the navigation of the ocean beyond. This is rendered all but certain by the mention in the earliest of the books of Scripture* of the country known to the Hebrews as "Tarshish." For modern critics are agreed that Tarshish (the Greek Tartessus) indicates the region of the Guadalquivir, embracing, in its widest significance, the whole of the modern provinces of Andalusia and Murcia. It was hence that were derived the metallic treasures which rendered the Phœnicians the most opulent amongst the nations of antiquity. The first traders to these fortunate shores were said to have replaced their leaden anchors with masses of silver, rather than abandon any of the precious substance lavishly flung at their feet in exchange for cargoes of slight intrinsic value. The valleys of the Guadiana and Guadalquivir were strewn with nuggets of silver. The mountains from which these rivers flowed yielded iron, copper, and lead. Gold, derived from the washings of the Tagus, and tin, extracted from the granite of Galicia, were brought, by long lines of inland traffic, to the general mart. The waters were hardly less productive than the land. The purple murex was found on the coast. Fish of rare quality and extraordinary size were taken outside the opening of the Straits. Down to the time of Aristophanes, "Tartessian eels" were esteemed a delicacy at Athens, and the well-known "Tyrian tunny" had one of the sources of its supply at Gades.

The Spanish trade thus became the main object of Phœnician enterprise, and the main source of Phœnician wealth. But Tartessus was not only a goal, but a starting-point. From Tartessus these hardy navigators reached the shores of Britain in search of tin, and penetrated the Baltic in search of amber. From Tartessus they colonized—to the number, as traditionally reported, of three hundred—the peninsulas and islands in which Atlas sinks beneath the Atlantic. From Tartessus they founded Carthage.

The waste by evaporation of the waters of the Mediterranean largely exceeds the supplies brought down by its river afflu-

* Called by the Greeks *Pataici* (Herodotus, iii. 37), probably from the name of the Egyptian god *Ptah*, with whom the Cabiri, represented in the grotesque figure-heads of the Phœnician ships, were intimately connected.

ents. Hence, if it were a sea without an outlet, its blue surface would sink until aqueous expenditure and income were brought to balance at a considerably lower level. But, since Calpe and Abyla were set apart by the wrench of the demigod, the vast stores of the Western Ocean constitute a sum placed, as it were, to its credit, which no extravagance avails to exhaust, or even sensibly diminish. The Atlantic is thus a gigantic tributary of the Mediterranean. A current, setting steadily through the Straits with a velocity of from two to four, or even five knots an hour, repairs the perpetual ravages committed by the sun on the great sheet of water which forms the common circulating system of three continents. Now the course taken by that current has largely affected the early history, directly of navigation, and indirectly of colonization. Its main branch hugs the north-African coast, rushes round Cape Bon, sweeps across the shallows of the Lesser Syrtis, pursues with slackening speed its way towards Egypt, spends its failing powers in carrying Nile mud to silt up the once renowned harbors of Tyre and Sidon; then turning westward between Cyprus and the Cilician shore, combines with a minor current setting in from the Black Sea through the Hellespont and Ægean, to form a slight, but sensible drift back to the point from which it started. This rotary movement of the Mediterranean waters tended, from the earliest times, to establish, so to speak, a double roadway — a down as well as an up line of traffic — between east and west. Ships outward bound from Syria, and even from Egypt, invariably chose the more northerly route; ships homeward bound from the Straits, on the contrary, took advantage of the ocean stream, and skirted the southern edge of the basin. Along each track communications were maintained, and navigation protected by a chain of Phœnician settlements. By far the most important of the stations on the down line was a factory planted on a hill overlooking a spacious bay, just where the two great sea-routes most closely approached each other in the channel dividing the eastern from the western Mediterranean.

It is best to confess at once our total want of absolute knowledge regarding the time or manner of the foundation of Carthage. To the task of demonstrating the completeness of our ignorance on the subject, M. Meltzer has brought learning and industry uncommon, or common only among German men of letters; and although trouble spent on the demolition of the tales of Carthaginian origin transmitted, and probably invented, by the Greeks of Sicily, may savor of "wasteful and ridiculous excess," the labor was in some sort necessitated by the grave adoption into history of the Dido legend by an authority so eminent as M. Movers. All then that modern criticism allows us to accept as historically certain amounts to this. When the Greeks, towards the end of the eighth century, began their eager course of exploration and colonization in the West, they found, seated in one of the most commanding positions in the world, a great commercial emporium, owning Tyre as its mother city. This much, and no more, we can be said to *know*; but something we may be permitted to conjecture. It is tolerably certain, from what is ascertained of their usual mode of procedure, that the Phœnicians did not allow a point so vital to their communications as the site of Carthage to remain unoccupied long after the regular opening of the Tartessian trade. But this cannot well be placed much lower than 1500 B.C. Now, at this period, Sidon, called in Scripture the "first-born" of Canaan, was the leading city of Phœnicia. Readers of Homer will remember that her proud rival Tyre is not so much as mentioned either in the Iliad or Odyssey, while the riches of Sidon, and the skill of her metal-workers and embroiderers, are frequently noticed. Indeed, Mr. Gladstone* has founded on this circumstance a plausible argument for the high antiquity of the Homeric poems. For in the course of the thirteenth century B.C. the conditions of prosperous existence in Sidon were so seriously compromised by movements of the Canaanite populations, that the principal Sidonian families migrated

* *Juventus Mundi*, p. 144.

to the "Rock" city,* twenty miles farther south, and the "hegemony" of the Phœnician State was soon after transferred to Tyre.

Now it seems to us that, notwithstanding its rejection by M. Meltzer, two circumstances, both of them intrinsic and undeniable, tell strongly in favor of Movers's theory of a "double settlement" at Carthage. The first of these is the world-famous name by which we recall its former existence. The Punic form of "Carthage" is *Karthada*, which signifies "New City" (*Kart chaddascht*). The appellation is an ordinary one, and admits, so far as we are aware, but of one interpretation. It implies the revival or extension of an ancient foundation in a manner so marked and momentous as to justify its formal commemoration by a change of name. The second is the order of priority observed at Carthage among the divinities common to the entire Phœnician race, but predominantly worshipped severally in the various Phœnician cities. In Carthage, then, the first place was nominally reserved for the Sidonian goddess Tanith or Astarte, while the most conspicuous honor was paid to Melkarth ("king of the city"), the hero-god of Tyre. The natural inference seems to be that a previously established cult was overshadowed, though not superseded, by the introduction, with new colonists, of new rites. And this we take to be about as much as can be known, or rationally surmised, regarding the origin of Rome's great rival. That from the earliest times of Phœnician commerce with the West, a factory or fort on the site of Carthage helped to secure the homeward route along the Libyan shore, analogy and the nature of the position lead us to infer; that the settlers who came, in the height of Tyre's prosperity, to establish a second Tyre in Africa, found in possession a kindred settlement with which they amalgamated, and a kindred worship which they adopted, the very name and form of religion of the New City itself testify.

For a couple of centuries after her foundation Carthage led a purely commercial existence, without a history, and almost without a tradition. Like other Phœnician towns, she traded, thrived, and duly discharged her religious obligations, offering the first-fruits of her children to the fiery embrace of her brazen Moloch, and the tithes of her gains at the shrine

of the Tyrian Melkarth. Her merchants had no ambition beyond that of securing, on the best possible terms, from the tribes of the interior, the largest possible supplies of ivory, ostrich feathers, and leopard or lion skins; her counsellors had no cares more weighty than were occasioned to them by some turmoil of the populace, or some dispute with the Maxitanian chief to whom Carthage humbly paid rent for the ground she stood upon. But while they chaffered and grew rich without a thought of, or, as it might have seemed, a concern in, the shiftings of the great world's politics, events were silently preparing for them a destiny equally beyond their desires and beyond their deserts. The causes which conspired to "thrust greatness" upon Carthage were, in the main, two. The first was the decline of Tyre under the baleful shadow of the later Assyrian monarchy; the second was the rise of Greek power in the western Mediterranean.

The settlement of the earliest Greek colony in Sicily preceded by only fourteen years the siege of Tyre by Shalmaneser, king of Assyria, in 721 B.C.; and while the first event marked the dawning of an epoch of growth, the second marked the opening of a period of decay. Sicily held at that time with regard to Tyre the same position that Egypt now holds with regard to England; it was the half-way house on the road to her most prized possession, to permit a hostile occupation of which implied the abdication of imperial existence. Nevertheless, Tyre stood by, inert or helpless, while Sicily became rapidly Hellenized. After the Phœnician manner, which was to retire until compelled to stand at bay, the outlying and undefended settlements were quietly abandoned, and the Phœnician forces concentrated in three towns situated in the western extremity of the island. On the fate of those three towns hung the fortunes of the entire Phœnician race in the Mediterranean. By themselves they were helpless to withstand the ardor of the Greek advance; Tyre was distant, and, as it seemed, indifferent; but close at hand, across a neck of the sea which only Phœnician triremes and penteconters had hitherto ventured to traverse, lay Carthage, already the first of Libyan cities, powerful by her riches, still more powerful by her unmatched position. On the protection of Carthage, accordingly, the towns of Panormus (Palermo), Soloeis, and Motye threw themselves.

From this event M. Meltzer dates the

* The native name *Tsur* (whence the old Roman *Sarva*, the Greek *Tyrrus*, and the modern *Sor*) signified a "rock."

beginning of Carthaginian history. All previous to it is local and obscure, if not pitch-dark. In the crepuscular period which follows, larger interests are seen to be at work, and larger struggles are discerned to be in progress. A momentous historical mission had, in fact, been tacitly assumed by Carthage, and in the assumption of that mission lay the secret of her greatness and the root of her misfortunes. The danger was pressing. The alternative offered to the Phœnicians of the West was annihilation or union. They were menaced equally by land and sea. The barbarian natives of the countries in which their colonies formed so many foci of culture and commerce were, in the best of times, with difficulty held at bay; left to their own resources by the paralysis of the mother city, they must without fail have been successively effaced from existence, should the element of their mutual communication and separate activity fall under hostile control. This fate actually befell a multitude of Phœnician settlements on the Atlantic, and most probably also on the Celto-Iberian shores. But for the attitude assumed by Carthage, it must have become the general lot.

The fundamental problem presented to us by Carthaginian history consists in the striking difference between her purposes and modes of action, and those of other communities of the same stock. Carthage alone pursued an imperial policy—a policy selfish, cruel, and exclusive, but one in its main lines inspired by public spirit, and directed towards public utility. In no other kindred city did the instinct of political life manifest itself. Dependence was to the Phœnicians an evil only in so far as it involved the payment of tribute or the restriction of trade. Possessions were valued by them only because they ensured custom and enhanced profits. Even Tyre, although holding a great colonial empire, held it for purely mercantile purposes, and with purely mercantile results. By Carthage these were indeed pursued with no less keenness and unscrupulousness, but they were also transcended by a certain imperial instinct, which lent an ideal value to national sway. Thus, when Carthage succeeded to Tyre as metropolis of the western Phœnicians, she did far more than fill the vacant place. She initiated a national organization, infused into it the energy of a new spirit, and stood out as leader of a truly national movement.

The first step in what we may call the public life of Carthage was the seizure of

the little island of Ebusus (Ivica), whose noble harbor formed the indispensable resort of adventurers in Iberian waters. This was in or about 654 B.C., and we can scarcely err in supposing that from this time Carthaginian trade began to find access to the rich Tartessian regions from which it had been heretofore excluded by the jealousy of the mother city. But the struggle for naval supremacy developed its full fury only in the ensuing century. It opened formally with the foundation of Marseilles, which, it is significantly related, was not effected without a preliminary encounter between the strongly armed Phœcean penteconters and the Carthaginian fleet. Only the salient points in the contest are now discernible to us, and those dimly; but we are well assured that wild work went on during those long decades, of which the only authentic records lie buried beneath the sunny Mediterranean waves. War, piracy, and commerce formed a triple alliance, and made common cause in violence and rapine. The western Phœnicians once more justified the interpretation of "men of blood," put upon their name by one of the naïve etymologies current in early times. But the Carthaginians did not fight alone. They were as skilful in securing confederates as apt in turning their services to account, and Etruria bore the brunt of more than one naval engagement, of which the ultimate advantage accrued exclusively to Carthage.

From the confusion of the first half of the century emerged an ordered system of treaty engagements, remarkable not only for the sagacity by which they were dictated, but for the fidelity with which they were observed. With the Greeks of Cyrene on the one side, and of Massilia on the other, boundary lines were agreed upon, within which rights were allowed and incursions prohibited. Cære, then the chief commercial town of Etruria, granted facilities for trade as liberally as she did assistance in war, and the stipulations of the treaty contracted in 503 B.C. with Rome, as head of the Latin league, afford singular proofs of the watchfulness with which traffic was guarded, and the violence by which it was accompanied at that period. The results of the long struggle in which Carthage had been engaged are legibly written in these documents. They show her in a condition, not indeed of unabated triumph, but of large and increasing prosperity. Something of what she aimed at she had been obliged to forego, but the vital points had

been secured, and a powerful organization completed. The western Mediterranean had not become a Carthaginian lake; Massilians, Tyrrhenians, and Latins had all their appointed districts or prescribed rights; but the great region leading to the Straits was reserved exclusively for Carthage. Beyond the Fair Promontory (Cape Farina) on the coast of Africa, and the Promontory of Diana (C. de la Nao) on the coast of Spain, no foreign craft was, under any pretence, allowed to sail. The penalty for infringements of this law of navigation was well known and ruthlessly exacted. No demand for adjudication was made in admiralty or other courts; no appeal was permitted; the ship's crew was straightway flung into the sea, and the ship's cargo landed in the most convenient Carthaginian port. A typical case is that of the Phœnician captain, who, finding his track from Gades towards the Tin Islands dogged by a Roman trader, deliberately steered for some dangerous shallows, where he had the satisfaction of seeing the spy-ship perish, while his own lighter vessel escaped in safety. For this effort of patriotism he claimed and received a recompense from the State.

The last quarter of the seventh century B.C. was marked by the activity of one of the great men whom it is the sole surviving glory of the Carthaginian aristocracy to have produced. Mago has been termed the "founder of the Carthaginian empire," but his work was in truth of a more arduous, if less brilliant kind. He was a statesman, not a hero or a conqueror. His task was to organize victory, not to snatch it. Resources accumulated by past efforts were, by his ordering genius, made available for future triumphs, and fresh sources of power developed, effective, indeed, for immediate action, though pregnant with ultimate ruin. To Carthage under the guidance of Mago might be applied the apophthegm used to describe the state of affairs in France at a not remote conjuncture by her present first minister: "The period of danger has passed; that of difficulty has begun." But difficulties lead back to dangers, as well as are developed out of them, and the dangers which lend fortitude to youth prove fatal in decrepitude. The use of mercenary troops introduced (as it would seem) by Mago enormously increased the extent, but undermined the stability, of the Carthaginian power. Armies which could be multiplied indefinitely, by raising the tribute of subject towns or doub-

ling the rents of Libyan cultivators, were likely to be led recklessly or even sacrificed treacherously. Accordingly Carthage found, to her cost, that in no market open to her could fidelity be purchased or patriotism hired.

The actual territory of the Carthaginian State never extended beyond the limits of the present Regency of Tunis; but this represented a very small fraction of the Carthaginian empire. The African dependencies of the great Phœnician colony reached, at the opening of the First Punic War, from the Altars of the Philæni, on the Greater Syrtis, to Soloeis (now Mogador), on the Atlantic; that is to say, the Liby-Phœnician towns subject to her covered the shores of the modern Tunis and Algeria, with by far the larger part of Morocco and Tripoli. In Sardinia and Corsica Carthage had troublesome neighbors in the unsubdued tribes of the interior of those islands, but no rivals for the command of their ports and fishing-stations. In Sicily the Greeks maintained themselves with waning vigor along a belt of territory lying far within their former frontier. In Spain Carthaginian sway stretched from the Sacred Headland (Cape St. Vincent) to the Promontory of Diana, and was later, by the great Hamilcar Barca and Hasdrubal, his son-in-law, extended and compacted so as to include the whole of the vast district lying south of the Tagus on the one side, and of the Ebro on the other. In population and wealth Carthage far surpassed her formidable antagonist of the Seven Hills. Scarcely less than a million* of inhabitants dwelt within the strongly fortified peninsula, twenty-three miles in circumference, which was covered by the gorgeous public buildings, the lofty dwellings, the suburban villas, gardens, pleasure-grounds, and sepulchres of ancient Carthage. Her command of money was practically unlimited. Carthaginian citizens paid no direct taxes, but heavy customs and tolls were levied on their extensive commerce; the riches of the Spanish mines belonged by right exclusively to the State; the agricultural population within the immediate dominion of Carthage contributed a quarter, or even one-half, the produce of a soil at that time in high cultivation and of unsurpassed fertility; and the prodigious amount of the gross tribute wrung from dependent towns may be remotely estimated from

* The population, at the time of the final siege, when presumably much reduced by precedent calamities, amounted to 700,000.

the fact that Lesser Leptis alone was mulcted in a sum of a talent a day, or, in round numbers, 90,000*l.* a year of our present money.* Now, of these dependent towns (which were kept purposely defenceless), no less than two hundred in the neighborhood of Carthage are reported to have submitted to the Sicilian tyrant Agathocles during his adventurous raid into Africa (310-306 B.C.). We hardly dare guess at the total number included in the Liby-Phœnician fringe to the "dark continent," from beyond the Pillars of Hercules to the borders of Cyrenaica. Moreover the wealth of Carthage was rendered available by its skilful distribution. Alone among the States of antiquity she possessed some acquaintance with economic principles, and, in her system of nominal currency (literally *leather-money*) and foreign loans, anticipated the financial expedients of later times.

For an account of the struggle in which this great, and in some respects unique, political organization was annihilated, we refer our readers to Mr. Bosworth Smith's agreeable narrative in the work cited at the head of this article. We have preferred to dwell upon its growth rather than exhibit its action, because in the former direction the book just mentioned strikes us as deficient in fulness and precision. Mr. Bosworth Smith evidently rejoices more in navigating the broad streams of history than in tracing the obscure springs which contribute to swell its current, forming, in this respect, a curious and instructive contrast to his German fellow-laborer in the same field. Mr. Bosworth Smith has written a book to be read rather than referred to; M. Meltzer has written a book to be referred to rather than read. Each class of work has its place and its purpose. It is for the advantage alike of history and literature that both should exist.

After all, the moral of the tale of Carthage's desolation appears to be that she fell because she deserved her fall. She fell because she refused to recognize the fundamental claims of humanity—because she exacted rights, and repudiated duties which are the complement of rights. She fell because she oppressed her subjects, ground down or enslaved the peaceful cultivators of her soil, cheated and betrayed her armies, distrusted and abandoned her champions. Her religion was cruel and degrading, her

institutions aimed at the extinction alike of public virtue and individual freedom, her internal government was narrow and malignant, her external policy time-serving and arrogant. Confronted with Rome, she fell because she anticipated Rome in tyranny and corruption. She had, moreover, committed the inexpiable crime of having inspired her haughty rival with fears for her own safety. Had Hannibal never crossed the Alps, her humiliation might have sufficed; her annihilation was the penalty exacted for Cannæ and Thrasymene.

Carthage presents the solitary example known to history of a great city raised from total destruction to a splendor comparable with that of its previous condition. Three times the Romans, in defiance of the maledictions pronounced by Scipio, attempted to colonize the spot. A settlement of six thousand poor citizens, planted there by Caius Gracchus, twenty-four years after the catastrophe of 146 B.C., left behind, in the name "*Junonia*," only a shadowy title of abortive greatness. The project was revived by Cæsar, but interrupted, with others beyond recall, by the sword of Brutus. An effort to carry it through, made by Augustus in 44 B.C., proved futile; but a second experienced more favorable conditions, and in 29 B.C. Roman Carthage was definitively founded.

Its existence was a prolonged and brilliant one. For seven centuries and a quarter it continued to be the capital, and usually the seat of government, of Roman Africa. Hardly venturing to aspire to the second place, it yet disdained to be counted as third among the cities of the empire. Its famous ports were re-excavated, and were thronged with a numerous shipping. Temples, the relics of whose magnificence still adorn the churches and palaces of Spain and Italy, rose on the old sites. Its halls and porticoes were decorated with mosaics of graceful design and brilliant coloring. Crowds of eager learners filled its schools of rhetoric and philosophy. The "*bread and games*" of the rulers of the world were alike supplied by the territory of which it was the centre; for the granaries of Ostia were stocked with grain grown on the fertile plains of the Bagradas, and the savage spectacles of the Colosseum were furnished by bears and lions snared in the deserts of Numidia.

The name of Genseric, according to Gibbon, has deserved, in the fall of the Roman Empire, "an equal rank with the names of Alaric and Attila." And his

* Mommsen's *History of Rome*, vol. ii., p. 20 (Dickson's translation).

destructive agency was, by a vicissitude of fortune as singular as it seemed improbable, exercised from Carthage. It was not till ten years after the Vandal king had transferred, on the invitation of the unstable Boniface, his fifty thousand yellow-haired warriors from Spain to Africa, that he gained possession of that great capital. This was effected by a treacherous surprise, October 19, 439, and was followed by the systematic plunder, enforced by torture, and aggravated by enslavement or exile, of the Roman inhabitants both of the city and its surrounding province. Religious persecution added to the devastating effects of barbarian pillage. The churches were forcibly transferred from the Catholic to the Arian worship, and the passions of the tyrant did not always suffer him to adhere to the policy of abstention from the "making of martyrs," which his cold-blooded prudence dictated. The command of the ports of Carthage and Bizerta opened to his maleficent ambition a new field of activity and destruction. His adventurous followers soon acquired all the accomplishments of practised corsairs, and the pirate fleets swept the Mediterranean amid the unresisting terror of the dwellers on its shores. The Vandal pilots had orders to steer for "the land that lay under the wrath of God," leaving it to the winds to shape the corresponding course; and the Vandal crews never failed to justify the ominous direction. At length the turn of Rome herself came. On one of the longest days of the year 455, the dreaded Vandal ships entered the Tiber, summoned to avenge, by a public catastrophe, the private griefs of the unwilling wife of Maximus. The ensuing sack was reckoned by the poets of the time as a Fourth Punic War, in which Genseric redressed the wrongs, six centuries old, inflicted by Africanus.* But the parallel was, in truth, more rhetorical than instructive. The events compared had no fundamental resemblance. One was a thieving raid, the other was a national assassination. One was a casual, though poignant insult, the other was the closing scene of a *duel à outrance*.

It was reserved for Belisarius to stamp out the Vandal plague by the dethronement of Gelimer and the capture of Carthage in 533, when the whole of Roman Africa was nominally incorporated with the Eastern Empire. Substantially, however, Byzantine authority scarcely ex-

tended beyond the regions near the coast; farther inland, it had power to devastate, but not to govern. Those of the Vandals who escaped the sword fled to the mountains, where the blue eyes and fair hair sporadically appearing amongst the natives still perhaps testify to descent from the northern adventurers.

Three times the skirts of the Saracen storm-cloud swept across Africa before it finally enveloped it. The first to conceive the bold idea of extending the boundaries of Islam to the Atlantic was a man of genius, but of genius tainted with the blind fury of his country and his sect. In the design of the foundation of Kairewân, Okba ibn-Nafi showed himself a statesman; in the mode of its execution, a fanatic. He saw that a permanent conquest must be based on some form of compact with the indigenous populations, whose numbers, inflammable passions, and command of an inaccessible country rendered them antagonists difficult to meet, and impossible to subdue. He saw, moreover, that the new province must have a fixed point by which to hold and from which to advance, and it suited his genius and his means better to build a new city than to capture an old one. Kairewân was accordingly founded (as its name imports) to be a central "encampment" or "settlement" of the conquerors in the West — an encampment situated at a safe distance from the sea, where the Byzantines were still formidable, and in the midst of the restless tribes, whom it was desired to conciliate or overawe. But the Berbers proved equally inaccessible to friendship and fear. After having triumphantly penetrated to the Atlantic, where, in an outburst of probably genuine, but dramatically displayed enthusiasm, he urged his horse breast-high into the waves, declaring, with uplifted hands, that their irresistible flow alone set limits to his zeal for the propagation of the faith of Islam, Okba fell in battle with the natives, leaving his infant capital to become the prey of the victors.

This was in 683; ten years later, Hassan ibn-Nomân marched, with forty thousand men, direct from Egypt upon Carthage. The Greek garrison was defeated; the Greek notables fled; a scarcely resisted assault admitted the invaders from the desert to the city, whose long history they were about to terminate. A respite was, however, effected, but a brief one. The patrician John raised an army and equipped a fleet at Constantinople; a Berber heroine, called the "Kâhina" or

* Hodgkin, *Italy and her Invaders*, vol. ii., p. 255.

sorceress, headed a fierce and destructive insurrection in the mountainous province of Constantine. Both enterprises were, for the moment, successful. The Arabs were overthrown and driven back to Barca; the Byzantines took triumphant possession of Carthage. Four years elapsed before Hassan had gathered forces sufficient for another advance; and doubly defeated before, he was doubly victorious now. The Berber chieftainess was slain in a pitched battle; the Greek patrician decamped with his armament by night, having vainly tried his fortune in the field. This time Hassan deliberately perfected the work which he had before hastily attempted. The second destruction of Carthage (698 A.D.), if not so theatrically executed, proved more lasting than the first. Time, which had brilliantly repaired the one catastrophe, served but to aggravate and complete the other. When Edrisi, the Arab geographer, wrote in the middle of the twelfth century, the only remains of habitation on the once populous site were found in the paltry village of Moalka, where the gigantic range of cisterns which formerly held the main water supply of the city still afford shelter for their families, and stabling for their beasts, to a sordid crowd of Arab squatters. At that time, however, the arcades of a magnificent amphitheatre rose in six tiers amidst fields now covered with barley, vetches, and lentils; and an ample harvest rewarded yet for many centuries the labors of excavators eager for booty and reckless of havoc. The many-colored marbles which formed the splendor of Roman Carthage may now be seen decorating buildings so various in plan and purpose as the Mezquita of Cordoba, the Palazzo Doria at Genoa, the cathedral of Pisa, and the mosques and dwelling-houses of Tunis. Carthage has, in fact, served, during eleven hundred years, as a vast quarry, in which builders — Frank, Arab, and Turk — have found materials of rare quality ready to their hand. The celebrated traveller, James Bruce of Kinnaird, sums up in the following brief note the relics still visible in 1765:—

We passed ancient Carthage, of which little remains but the cisterns, the aqueduct, and a magnificent flight of steps [now disappeared] up to the Temple of Æsculapius, and arrived at Tunis. In rowing over the bay you see a great number of pillars and buildings yet on foot, so that the sea has been concerned in the destruction of Carthage.

The above extract is taken from a book

of singular interest, though necessarily limited circulation, the title of which we have placed in the heading of this article. Its author, Colonel Playfair, found himself, after the lapse of a century, the successor of Bruce in the office of British consul-general in Algeria. Long familiar with the countries explored by the "great father of African travel," he sought for some account of his voyages in the Barbary States less unsatisfactory than that prefixed to the first volume of his travels, with a zeal which deserved and eventually obtained success. After many fruitless searches, he applied to Lady Thurlow, great-great-granddaughter of the traveller, and heiress of Kinnaird, and was overjoyed at the amount and value of the materials placed in his hands and at his discretion. Of these the most important consisted in a vast mass of drawings, amongst which were "more than a hundred sheets, some having designs on both sides, completely illustrating all the principal subjects of archaeological interest in north Africa from Algiers to the Pentapolis, and executed in a style which an architectural artist of the present day could hardly excel."* Colonel Playfair immediately appreciated the excellence of all, and perceived the accuracy of many, of these productions. Some, however, he was unable to identify, because the structures represented by them no longer existed; others, because they were unknown to him, especially such as were situated in the Regency of Tunis; and it was to remedy this latter deficiency that he undertook his "Travels in the Footsteps of Bruce." The result is before us in a splendid volume, enriched with facsimiles of many of the drawings in question (whose detailed fidelity was photographically tested and proved by Lord Kingston, Colonel Playfair's sole travelling companion), and containing the original rough notes of Bruce's daily progress and adventures. Its main contents, however, and those which at present chiefly concern us, are composed of Colonel Playfair's personal observations in a country which, after centuries of submersion in the muddy waters of barbarism, has once more unexpectedly risen to the surface of European politics. We revert to the subject of Carthage's remains to extract from his pages a description of the noble monument which now forms the most prominent memorial of Carthage's ancient glory:—

* Travels in the Footsteps of Bruce, p. 2.

Shortly after leaving the Mohammedia [a dismantled palace in the neighborhood of Tunis] the ruins of the ancient aqueduct come in sight, and at a distance of about fourteen miles from Tunis the road crosses the Oued Melian, the Catada of Ptolemy. Here is seen, in all its surpassing beauty, one of the greatest works the Romans ever executed in North Africa, the aqueduct conveying the waters of Zaghouan and Djougar to Carthage.

During all the time that Carthage remained an independent state, the inhabitants seem to have contented themselves with rain water caught, and stored in reservoirs, both from the roofs of houses and from paved squares and streets. Thirty years after the destruction of this city by Scipio it was rebuilt by a colony under Caius Gracchus, but it was not till the reign of the Emperor Hadrian (A.D. 117 to 138) that the inhabitants, having recovered their ancient wealth, and having suffered from several consecutive years of drought, represented their miserable condition to the emperor, who himself visited the city and resolved to convey to it the magnificent springs of Zeugitanus Mons, the modern Zaghouan. This, however, was not sufficient for the supply of the city, and after the death of Hadrian another fine spring at Mons Zuccharus, the present Djebel Djougar, was led into the original aqueduct—probably in the reign of Septimius Severus, as a medal was found at Carthage with his figure on the reverse, and on the obverse Astarte seated on a lion beside a spring issuing from a rock.

It was certainly destroyed by Gillimer, the last of the Vandal kings, when endeavoring to reconquer Carthage, and again restored by Belisarius, the lieutenant of Justinian. On the expulsion of the Byzantines it was once more cut off, and restored by their Arab conquerors, and finally destroyed by the Spaniards during their siege of Tunis. It was reserved for the present bey, Sidi Saduk, once more to restore this ancient work, and to bring the pure and abundant springs which formerly supplied Carthage into the modern city of Tunis. . . .

The original aqueduct started from two springs, those of Zaghouan and Djougar; and to within sixteen miles of the present city of Tunis—namely, to the south side of the plain of the Catada—it simply followed the general slope of the ground without being raised on arches. From this point, right across that plain—a distance of three Roman, or two and a half English miles—with slight intermissions, owing to the rise in the ground, and so on to the terminal reservoir at the modern village of Mitalika, it was carried over a superb series of arches—sometimes, indeed, over a double tier. The total length of the aqueduct was sixty-one Roman miles, or 93,897 yards, including the branch from Mons Zuccharus, which measured twenty-two miles, or 38,803 yards; and it was estimated to have conveyed 32,000,000 litres (upwards of 7,000,000 gallons) of water a day, or eighty-one gallons per sec-

ond, for the supply of Carthage and the intermediate country.

The greatest difference is perceptible in the style of construction, owing to the frequent restorations which have taken place. The oldest and most beautiful portions are of finely cut stone, each course having a height of twenty inches; . . . a great part of the aqueduct, however, is built in a far less solid manner—of concrete blocks, or of small irregular stones. . . . The mere fact of masonry of this character being used, *and* in fact, by no means proves it to be of modern origin, as Pliny informs us that this description of masonry was much in use amongst the ancient Carthaginians. In some places a threatened danger had been guarded against by the erection of rough and massive counterforts. Along the plain of the Oued Melian, in a length of nearly two miles, we counted 344 arches still entire. (Playfair's Bruce, p. 130.)

The vexed question of the topography of Carthage may be regarded as in its main lines settled by M. Beulé's explorations in 1859. Relying on the decisions of the great archaeological arbiter—the spade—we can afford to ignore the discrepancies of ancient authority and modern opinion. There can, in fact, be no reasonable doubt that the capacious double port, in the construction of which nearly a million cubic feet of sandstone must have been excavated,* is now represented by two shallow pools, situated near the south-western angle of the peninsula, on the fertile spot by the shore known locally as "The Fig-trees," and it is almost equally certain that the Hill of St. Louis is the site of the ancient Byrsa,† or citadel, where the few desperate survivors of Scipio's siege perished in the blazing Temple of Æsculapius. Here, too, was enacted the last scene of the last crusade, when the good King Louis, expiring on a bed of ashes, left to his son, with the kingdom of France, the wise and pious exhortation preserved by Joinville. The spot is now formally consecrated to his memory, Louis Philippe having caused a chapel to be erected there in 1841; and it is recorded, in signal testimony to the cordiality of the relations then subsisting between France and Tunis, that a battalion of native troops was told off to escort the statue of the saint to its destined place. Indeed, the duty was probably by

* Beulé, *Fouilles et Découvertes*, t. ii., p. 53.

† *Byrsa* (signifying an on-hide) is the form which Greek pronunciation gave to the Phœnician *Borsra*, a fortress. The story of Dido's crafty mode of measuring the land allotted to her new colony followed quite naturally from the meaning of the Greek word. As in so many other cases, a corruption was followed and justified by a legend.

no means repugnant to them, since, by a fantastic caprice of tradition, St. Louis is numbered amongst the saints of Islam. The Arabs entirely believe that before his death he was converted to faith in the Prophet, and the holy village of Sidi-Bou-Said on Cape Carthage, in which no Christian is allowed to sleep, derives its peculiar aroma of sanctity from the commemoration of the virtues of the Christian king and crusader.*

Tunis is the natural successor and lawful heir of Carthage. It had, however, to wait some time for its inheritance; for, though it has survived its majestic neighbor now nearly twelve centuries, it probably existed before her. There is no record of its foundation; it has communicated to history no autobiographical sketch, authentic or legendary; it was simply seated immemorably at the gates of Carthage, expecting its turn. It has always borne the same name, whose meaning oblivion has long since covered, and was probably a Libyan, or, as we should now say, a Berber hamlet when the Phœnicians began to colonize Africa. The jealousy of Carthage kept it poor and defenceless; but Agathocles made it his headquarters during his four years' adventure, and it became a centre of devastation when Regulus landed at Clypea (now Kelibia) the first Roman army which set foot on the southern shore of the Mediterranean. When Hassan removed, as he thought, an obstacle to the growth of Kairewân, he had no idea that he was destroying instead the rival of Tunis. Only six years later it began to assume the importance which its position claimed; but its first effective appearance in history was more clamorous than creditable. Musa, the conqueror of Spain, equipped a fleet and constructed a harbor there in 704, when it rapidly acquired a piratical reputation rivalling that of Carthage under Genseric. The extent of his ravages may be estimated from the fact that he is said, on good authority, to have captured in his freebooting excursions three hundred thousand persons of all sexes and ages. This need not appear incredible when it is remembered that human booty was, at that time of all others, the easiest to take, and the most profitable to sell.†

Aghlabites, Fatimites, and Zirites, Almoravides and Almohades had successively had their day, when Abou Zaccharia established, in 1206, the seat of an

independent principality at Tunis. This "Hafsîte" dynasty (as it was called from the father of the founder) was probably of Berber origin, and lasted until the turn of the Turks came. In 1535, Barbarossa,* the "friend of the sea, and the enemy of all those who sailed upon it," got possession of Tunis by a stroke of luck and treachery combined. He was already potent at Algiers, and threatened, by his depredations, to extirpate the commerce and depopulate the shores of the Mediterranean. Muley Hassan, the prince whom he expelled, was not more virtuous than the Mitylenian corsair, but he was less mischievous, and his private crimes were allowed to be outweighed by the public good. The emperor Charles V., accordingly, as the representative of the police of Christendom, collected an armament, and reinstated him in a throne which he had reached by a hideous series of fratricides. The release of thirty thousand captives earned for the emperor a reputation for humanity, which the slaughter of an equal number of unoffending persons in the sack of the town must be allowed to have gravely compromised. The forts of Goletta were held by the Spaniards until 1574, when they were disastrously lost; for in the previous year, the chivalrous and unlucky Don John of Austria, still wearing the scarcely faded laurels of Lepanto, undertook to drive the irrepressible Ottomans from Tunis, once more seized by them in 1570. This he accomplished almost without resistance; but instead of following the sagacious advice of his brother, Philip II., who desired him to raze the fortifications and abandon the spot, he left behind a governor and garrisons, not only at Goletta, but in Tunis itself. The truth seems to be that one of the chimeras which beguiled the hopes of this unfortunate young man was that of founding an African empire — probably, even, of reviving, as "king of Carthage," the extinct glories of the Punic city. The bright bubble burst quickly. Sinan Pasha, an Italian renegade, was commissioned by Selim II. to annihilate the threatening nucleus of a possible Christian power in Africa. The Spanish garrisons offered a heroic resistance, holding out almost to the last man; and with their extermination ceased the last attempt to keep the Turks out of Tunis.

It was with no unreasonable dismay

* Bosworth Smith, *Carthage and the Carthaginians*, p. 466.

† Amari, *Storia dei Musulmani di Sicilia*, i., p. 124.

* A corruption of Baba (Father) Haroudj, not an epithet descriptive of the color of his beard. The name properly belonged to his elder brother, but was held in common, with many estimable qualities, by the pair.

that Europe saw the coast of north Africa portioned out into principalities by the corsair admirals of the Sublime Porte. It is difficult at the present day to form an idea of the terror inspired and the damage inflicted by the Barbary pirates during three centuries—from the capture of Algiers by Barbarossa in 1516 to its bombardment by Lord Exmouth in 1816. No household in Spain or Italy within reach of the sea was safe from their depredations. The long, black hulls of their "raven"-prowed galleys lay invisibly in the offing, until night covered their approach, and revealed, in the light of blazing homesteads, the extent of the disaster they were the bearers of.* Even as far as the North Sea Turkish rovers ventured with impunity and profit, and the number of Christians sold into slavery was so great that a religious order was instituted in Spain for the special purpose of their redemption. In the summer of 1605, one of these pirate galleys fell in with a coasting vessel bound from Marseilles to Narbonne. One of the passengers on board was a young priest named Vincent de Paul, who, with all the rest of the ship's company, was taken to Tunis, and there sold as a slave. He passed from one master to another, and at length came into the hands of a renegade Christian, whose heart—singularly enough, through the pleadings of his Turkish wife—was touched by reminiscences of the religion he had forsaken. A plan of escape was accordingly concerted between master and servant, and after waiting many months for a favorable opportunity, they at length got safely off in a small boat to the coast of France, where the future saint initiated some years later his works of charity, while the converted apostate retired to a monastery in Rome.

It is satisfactory to remember that a sturdy buffet was administered to the Barbary pirates, in the days of their power, by the hands of an English admiral. In 1655, Robert Blake, one of the boldest of British seamen, battered into ruins the walls of Porto Farina (then the arsenal of Tunis), burnt the Tunisian fleet, released slaves, and extorted a pledge of better behavior for the future. A pledge probably ill kept. For, in a Mahometan State, amendment rarely sets in until decadence is imminent, and administrative reforms signify and precede

political downfall. Nothing could well be more exemplary than the course of policy pursued, during the present century, at Tunis. Christian slavery ceased in 1816; slavery of all kinds was abolished in 1837; the Jews have been emancipated, and the black turban, or cap, distinctive of their race, continues to be worn only by some ancient conservatives in costume; a constitution, modelled on the most approved liberal principles, was even promulgated by the present bey in 1861, and withdrawn only when the ungrateful recipients threatened a revolution in favor of absolutism. It is hinted, indeed, that a doubling of the imposts had its share among the causes of the rising. And here we touch the flaw.

A rotten system of finance is the inevitable concomitant of the Oriental method of administration, and seems to be the destined inclined plane along which Orientally administered States are gently conducted to their doom. A mode of taxation, which seems expressly designed to combine the maximum of oppression with the minimum of revenue, drains the life-blood of the country. Industry, hopeless of receiving its due reward, sinks into apathy; land goes out of cultivation, irrigation is neglected, trees are cut down, manufactures perish. Meantime, the level of modern civilization must be maintained, and modern civilization is expensive. Works of public utility* or private magnificence exhaust an exchequer whose outgoings increase as fast as its incomings diminish. Foreign loans afford temporary relief, and bring, with public insolvency, its penalty in the form of an international commission. The resources of the country are, however, developed, though not for the benefit of the people. Railways, telegraphs, canals, are constructed by means of foreign capital, and to the profit of foreign shareholders. Eventually, individual interests demand the prop of official protection, and armed occupation becomes the supplement and safeguard of financial possession.

Such is the history which we see being enacted before our eyes in more than one Mahometan country. But in Tunis events have been precipitated by a complication of interests and rivalries. The ambition of Italy has long been turning in the direc-

* The difficulties of the present bey began with the expenditure of thirteen million francs on the restoration of the ancient aqueduct. His personal moderation contrasts favorably with the prodigality of some of his predecessors.

* Creasy, *History of the Ottoman Turks*, vol. i., p. 280, note.

tion of colonial expansion. The burden of her overgrown military establishment requires for its support a commercial development for which the crowded markets of Europe afford no facilities. She demands a new outlet, and believes that such an outlet is to be found in Africa. Its close vicinity to her shores, and the historical relations of Rome and Carthage, seemed to point out Tunis as the "Italian Algeria" of the future. The importance of the Italian element in the population, the rapid expansion of trade, and the energy of the late M. Rubattino in establishing and extending steam communication between the two countries, made it already a valuable field for Italian commercial activity. French influence, which, during the greater part of three reigns, had been supreme at the Bardo, began to decline, and French "susceptibilities" were in many tender points wounded. The spirited bidding of M. Rubattino secured the Tunis and Goletta railway as Italian property; the French counter-scheme of a line to Hammamet was quashed; the Enfida affair had an issue adverse to French interests; the French telegraph monopoly was contested. At last, a *coup de main* and a *coup de tête* in one cut short an intolerable rivalry; the Kroumirs furnished a pretext by which Europe consented to be blinded until an accomplished fact could be brandished before her reopened eyes; and the treaty of May 12 was signed at the Bardo amid the indignant but impotent protestations of an outraged prince.

It remains to be seen by what practical services to civilization an act as ill-considered as it was unjustifiable will be palliated in the judgment of history. The province which has fallen into French hands is, as regards variety of natural riches, the choicest in Africa. The climate is mild and equable; mineral wealth is not lacking; mines of quicksilver, which have never been worked, exist near the mouth of the Medjerda, and lead mines, known to the Romans, but now neglected, in the Djebel Resass ("Mountain of Lead"); while, in the north-western district, a mountain, reported as composed wholly of iron oxide,* promises an unlimited supply of cutlery and rifled cannon. The vegetable kingdom is still more munificent. All the fruits and esculents of a temperate climate are exposed for sale in the bazaars of Tunis; cereals yield to

the most niggardly cultivation an abundant harvest; the more special productions of the south — olives, oranges, figs, lemons, almonds, and pomegranates — thrive luxuriantly; the Djerid, or "Country of Dates," is said to contain two million palm-trees. Yet the entire country is, notwithstanding these advantages, in a state of abject decadence. Where no census has ever been attempted, estimates of population are not to be depended upon, but it seems certain that the number of the inhabitants, which now scarcely exceeds a million and a half, has enormously fallen off since the last century, to say nothing of the flourishing figures reported from earlier times. This depopulation, which appears to be rapidly progressive, is in a large degree the consequence, but also to some extent the cause, of a conspicuous deterioration in the quality of the soil. A province which Constantine, when he appropriated to his new capital the corn of Egypt, assigned as the granary of Rome, is now frequently driven to import grain for the subsistence of its own dwindled population. Colonel Playfair reports that the whole region of the Sahel, or the coast-land of which Susa is the centre, once of unexampled fertility, now springs into verdure only in seasons of exceptionally abundant rainfall, but at other times presents the aspect of a stony and arid waste. The change is regarded by him as one of the disastrous effects of reckless deforestation: —

We know [he says] that at one time the country was covered with forests. I myself have travelled for days over plains where not a tree exists, and yet where ruins of Roman oil-mills were frequently met with. Ibn Khaldoun, in his history of the Berbers, says: "El Kahina caused all the villages and farms throughout the country to be destroyed, so that the vast region between Tripoli and Tangiers, which had the appearance of an immense thicket, under the shade of which rose a multitude of villages touching each other, now offered no other aspect than that of ruins." Even in modern days the same destruction of forests has been continued, if not wantonly or for purposes of defence, as in the time of the early Arab conquerors, still as surely by the carelessness of their descendants, who never hesitate to set fire to a wood to improve the pasturage, or to cut down a tree when timber is required, but who never dream of planting another, or even of protecting those which spring up spontaneously from being destroyed by their flocks and herds.

In Bruce's notes, written 110 years ago, frequent allusion is made to forests through which he passed, where not a tree is now to be seen, and this is a work of destruction which

* E. Pellissier, Description de la Régence de Tunis, p. 47.

must go on with ever-accelerating rapidity year after year.

The consequence is that hills are denuded of their soil, the rich mould deposited in the valleys becomes covered with sand blown from the desert in summer, and gravel and stones brought down by rains in winter, until the life of the land is, as it were, locked up in an inexorable imprisonment, where it remains inaccessible and sterile.

The activity of nature has co-operated with the negligence of man to place obstacles in the way of the restoration to Tunis of its ancient prosperity. The current which once formed the water-way of the Phœnicians from the Straits to Syria has helped to throw down the mud of the Medjerda (the ancient Bagradas, whose name is doubtfully derived from the Tyrian god Melkarth), thus hopelessly silting up harbors once populous with shipping. The ruins of Utica now lie many miles inland, round the miserable village of Bou-Shater; the course of the river has shifted far to the north of its ancient bed; the curve of the coast between Cape Farina and the peninsula of Carthage is almost obliterated; and the ports still existing are continually encroached upon by fresh deposits of alluvium. For one of these, however, a great future, so far as it is in the power of the new masters of the country to confer it, is reserved.

Bizerta, the "Venice of Africa" (*si parva licet componere magnis*), boasts an antiquity perhaps double that of the city of the lagoons. It was a Tyrian colony, designated *Ippo achéret** (the "other Hippo") to distinguish it from an elder town of the same name, Hippo Regius (so called by the Romans, as being the residence of the Numidian kings), now Bone. *Ippo achéret* was transformed by the Greeks into Hippo Diarrhytus (an epithet obviously descriptive of the situation of the town); Diarrhytus was gradually softened into Zarytus; thence came the Arab corruption Benzerte, from which to Bizerta is an easy transition. Agathocles gave the place importance by providing it with fortifications and a new harbor; a Roman colony was planted there; and the inhabitants, though only four thousand in number, distinguished themselves during the Middle Ages by frequent revolts against whatever power happened temporarily to have the upper hand.

* Movers, *Die Phönizier*, ii. 2, p. 310.

The situation of the town [Colonel Playfair writes] is extremely picturesque, being built on each side of the canal which connects the lake with the sea, and on an island in the middle of it, principally occupied by Europeans, and joined to the mainland on either side by substantial bridges. The town is entirely surrounded by walls, the entrance to the canal being protected by what in former times would have been considered formidable defences. That on the west is the Kasbah or citadel, and contains a number of residences both of private individuals and of public functionaries; on the opposite side is the fort of Sidi el-Houni, containing the shrine of that holy man. Between these the canal is embanked. The foundations are, no doubt, ancient, though the superstructure is modern. The west wall is produced as a break-water, but it is very ruinous, and has evidently projected much further into the sea than it does at present. Its length is not sufficient to prevent the sand being drifted in by the north-west winds, whereby the canal has been so much filled up as to render it practicable only for light fishing-boats. Near the gate of the Kasbah may be seen the chain formerly used to protect the entrance. . . .

The important feature of Bizerta, however, is its lake, now called Tinja, formerly Hipponitis Palus, which in the hands of a European power might become one of the finest harbors and one of the most important strategic positions in the Mediterranean. Its length from east to west is about eight geographical miles, and its width five and a half; the channel, which connects it with the sea, is at its north-east angle, and is about four miles long and half a mile broad; but the shallow portion which passes through the town is less than a mile in length, with a depth of from two to ten feet. Beyond, it widens out, and has a depth equal to that of the lake, from five to seven fathoms. A comparatively slight expenditure would be required to convert this lake into a perfectly landlocked harbor, containing fifty square miles of anchorage for the largest vessels afloat. At present the anchorage off the entrance is very insecure; vessels are compelled to remain in the open roadstead, and at a considerable distance from the town; there is no shelter from the prevailing bad weather, and if shipwrecks are rare, it is simply because the place is avoided by large vessels.

The lake teems with fish, which produce a yearly revenue of 180,000 piastres, or 4,500*l.* to the State. They are caught both by nets and in weirs of reeds erected at the narrowest portion of the straits, and are then carried on donkeys to Tunis for sale. They are not only most abundant, of excellent quality, very different from the mud-tainted produce of the Tunis lake, but of great variety. The inhabitants of Bizerta say that there are twelve principal kinds, one of which comes into season each month. This is by no means a modern idea; it is mentioned by El-Edrisi, who says: "When the month has expired, the species which corresponds to it disappears, and is re-

placed by a new one, and so on till the end of the year and every year. . . ."

A favorite means of catching the larger kind is for a man to station himself at the prow of a boat under one of the arches of the bridge, with a ten-pronged grane in his hand and a vessel of oil beside him. From time to time he sprinkles a few drops of oil on the surface to calm its ripples and enable him to see the larger fish passing, and these he spears with great dexterity. Wild fowls of all kinds are numerous on the lake, and for quails and snipe its banks are a sportsman's paradise.

To the south-west of this lake is another, nearly as large, but with a depth of from two to eight feet only. . . . The water is almost sweet in winter, when a considerable body is poured into it by the Oued Djoumin, or river of Mater; but in summer, when the level sinks, the overflow from the salt lake pours into it by the Oued Tinga, a tortuous canal which connects the two, and then its waters are not potable. . . . This lake also abounds in fish, principally barbel and alose (*clupea finta*), which are held in no esteem by the natives. (Playfair's Bruce, p. 143.)

The alternation flow between the two lakes above described is mentioned by Edrisi, with the additional circumstance that the waters in no degree change their quality by the interchange—the salt lake losing none of its saltiness, and the fresh lake none of its freshness, in whichever direction the current sets. "Ceci est encore," he remarks quaintly, "l'une des particularités de ce pays."

It is curious to find Bizerta figuring in the old romances as the capital and representative town of Africa. It was here that the English paladin Astolfo besieged the Saracen king Branzardo after the destruction of the fleet of Agramante; it was here that took ship the formidable host

whom Bizerta sent from Afric shore,
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabia.

Our readers may compare Ariosto's account of the defences of the old town with the description just quoted from Colonel Playfair. Here is the stanza:—

Bizerta on two faces had the sea,
The two remaining rested on dry land;
Of structure excellent in their degree,
Its walls in times of old were built and planned;
Its sole defence and help in these must be,
For after King Branzardo and his band
Took shelter there, nor time nor building-masters
Were found to mend or better Time's disasters.

The remarkable advantages presented
LIVING AGE. VOL. XXXVII. 1902

by the position of this town have not escaped notice from the French authorities. They have recognized* that Bizerta is the key to the valley of the Medjerda, and that the valley of the Medjerda commands the Regency. Accordingly, whatever should be the policy eventually adopted elsewhere, the purpose inflexibly held with regard to the designated maritime capital of north Africa might be expressed in the phrase, *T'y suis, et j'y reste*. The unfurling of the tricolor above the rusty and dismantled guns of the kasbah on May 1, 1881, may thus be expected to mark a singular change in the condition and prospects of this degenerate colony of Tyre and Rome. The operations of dredging and embankment necessary to convert a mud-choked estuary into a profound and capacious harbor may indeed prove far more costly than was anticipated in the vague and sanguine estimate of a "few hundreds of thousands of francs;" but financial difficulties will not be allowed to stand in the way of an enterprise assuming the seductive aspects of national aggrandizement, and physical obstacles will doubtless be successfully disposed of by the skill and perseverance of French engineers.

The design of deepening the lake of Tunis so as to render the city accessible to ships of heavy draught has, it may be presumed, been abandoned† in favor of the newer schemes of improvement at Bizerta. The two places are distant from each other only thirty-six miles, and a railway is already projected to unite them, which can hardly fail, when constructed, to divert to the rising emporium much of the traffic which now animates the port of Goletta. The present capital will thus in all probability receive no increment of prosperity from the French "protectorate." The flood-tide of European improvement will sweep in another direction. Tunis will remain very much what it is, dirty, Oriental, and picturesque. The "Rose of Africa," (hyperbolically so called) is not always the most fragrant of flowers. But the Tunisian contempt for hygienic laws has not entailed the evil consequences which sanitary congresses teach us that it ought. On the contrary, Tunis is an exceptionally healthy city, and has since 1819 remained unvisited by the plague. It lies spread out—to use the

* See M. de la Berge's volume *d'occasion*, cited at the head of this article, pp. 76, 178.

† A project is, however, on foot for the construction of a port at Rades, on the southern shore of the lake of Tunis.

Arab comparison—in the shape of a burnous, of which the Kasbah or citadel represents the hood, on some rising ground forming an isthmus between two salt lakes. The creamy radiance of its buildings still deserves the epithet "White" bestowed upon it by Diodorus nineteen centuries ago; but the verdure of its background is probably less conspicuous now than when it earned for it the appellation of the "Green" city. The population of Tunis may be, with much uncertainty, estimated at one hundred thousand; and it is said, with still greater uncertainty, to have doubled that number in the last century. Contingents from many races and countries go to make up the motley crowd. There is a Turkish aristocracy, an Arab *petite noblesse*, and a Moorish *bourgeoisie*. The designation "Moorish" is a very wide one, including, like the convenient philological term "Allophylia," a multitude of races having no quality in common except their refusal to fit into any of the established categories of classification. All possible remnants and survivals of ancient settlements—Phœnician, Roman, Byzantine—are covered by it; but it chiefly indicates the descendants of Arabs fugitive from their attempted conquest of Europe; above all, of Moors expelled from Spain in the beginning of the seventeenth century. As late as 1864 a lineal descendant of Boabdil, king of Granada, exercised the trade of a perfumer in one of the bazaars of Tunis; * close to the gate of Carthage may be seen the tomb of the last of the Abencerrages; and many families transmit sacredly from generation to generation the house-keys—some of delicately chiselled steel, some of rudely perforated box-wood—brought with them in their exodus, firmly believing that when the Prophet shall raise up to them a champion to redress all the wrongs of their race, they will by their means find admission to the Andalusian homes, of which they still, after two hundred and seventy-two years of exile, cherish the memory.

A large element in the population of Tunis is formed of Jews. Their first coming dates from the great calamity of their race under Titus; but European persecutions added largely to their numbers. Here, as elsewhere, they have thriven in spite of the restrictions with which they were handicapped. The most lucrative share in the traffic of Tunis is theirs. The booths in the silk bazaar are

held exclusively by Jews. The trade in gems, which has a peculiar importance in a country where other modes of investment can scarcely be found, is entirely in their hands. Communication between foreigners and natives is carried on in Italian, which is also the language of the club and of diplomacy. This is doubtless due to the fact that two-thirds of the Christian inhabitants of this city are Maltese artisans, who, according to Colonel Playfair, constitute here, as elsewhere in the Regency, an industrious and well-conducted section of the community. In the country they have obtained, with their *karatons*, or light, two-wheeled carts, a monopoly of the carrying trade; but in Tunis all merchandise is conveyed on the backs of camels, asses, or mules, whose long files of a hundred or more wind endlessly through the tortuous and unpaved streets, deep with mud and ruts in the rainy season, and scarcely less intolerable from dust in the dry.

Regarding the primitive inhabitants of north Africa, our knowledge has advanced very little beyond the point where Sallust left it. He tells us that, on the death of Hercules in Spain, the heterogeneous army which had accompanied his conquering expedition lost its cohesion and separated into innumerable fragments. Of these the Persian, Mede, and Armenian divisions crossed into Africa, allied themselves with the aboriginal Libyans and Gætulians, and gained possession of the country. The Persians, adopting, in signification of their roving habits, the name of Nomads or Numidians, settled in the district round Carthage, where the *mapalia*, or long, keel-shaped huts of the natives, still recall the ships which transported their ancestors across the Straits, and, reversed, formed their first shelter on African soil.

It was to the people thus formed, according to a tradition beyond the reach of criticism, that the Arabs gave the name of Berber*—a term implying, like *barbarian* in its original sense, the use of a rude and unintelligible mode of speech. The "Berber" tongue can, in fact, be assigned to no known family of language; but the features and manners of the tribes employing it are believed to indicate Semitic affinities, while the fair complexions occasionally found amongst them are accounted for by a supposed admixture of Aryan blood. In the Regency of Tunis,

* De Flaux, La Régence de Tunis, p. 50.

* It was probably suggested by the Roman "Maori Barbari," modified so as to convey a meaning in Arabic

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Berber and Bedouin have become so completely fused as to defy separation or analysis; but it may be said generally that the race of the invaders prevails in the north and east, that of the primitive inhabitants in the districts verging towards the desert. The Arabs who now rear their camels and pitch their black tents on the plains of Tunis, are not the descendants of the followers of Okba and Hassan. They are the product of a later and more destructive invasion. In 1051, the emir of Kairewân having thrown off his allegiance to the Fatimite khalif, it was resolved at Cairo to desolate a province which it was hopeless to attempt to resume. The Bedouin tribes Hilâl and Soleim were accordingly summoned from Upper Egypt; each man of them received a cloak and a dinâr, and so equipped they were let loose west of the Nile. In six years the work of ruin was accomplished. Kairewân was sacked (1057), its inhabitants driven for refuge to Sicily or Spain, and northern Africa made desolate.* The effects of the devastation are thus described by Edrisi after the lapse of a century:—

Al-Cairawân, la métropole du pays, était la ville la plus importante du Maghrib,† soit à cause de son étendue, soit à raison de sa population et de ses richesses, de la solidité de ses édifices, des avantages que présentait son commerce, de l'abondance de ses ressources et de ses revenus, tandis que ses habitants se distinguaient par leur esprit d'indépendance, par leur fierté et par leur audace. Les hommes pieux de cette ville étaient remarquables par leur persévérance dans le bien et leur fidélité aux engagements, par l'abandon des choses vicieuses et l'éloignement des péchés, par l'étude assidue de diverses sciences estimées, enfin par la tendance à la droiture; mais Dieu, en faisant tomber cette ville au pouvoir des Arabes, a répandu sur elle toutes sortes de calamités. Actuellement il ne subsiste de son ancienne grandeur que des ruines; une partie de la ville est entourée d'un mur en terre; les Arabes y dominent, et mettent le pays à contribution; les habitants y sont peu nombreux, et leur commerce ainsi que leur industrie sont misérables. Cependant, d'après l'opinion des astrologues, cette ville ne doit pas tarder à recouvrer son ancienne prospérité.

The stars, however, were mendacious, or their interpreters unskilful; for Kairewân had already passed her meridian, and was tending towards a still remote horizon

of helplessness and humiliation. The days were gone beyond recall when Charlemagne sent an embassy to the court of Ibrahim ibn-Aghlab to sue for the relics of St. Cyprian; when caravans from the Soudan poured riches and splendor in at the gates, and the fantastic magnificence of Zîrite festivities animated the solemn streets of the Holy City. Its sanctity alone survived. It was, until the 26th of last October, the virgin sanctuary of Islam in Africa. Its gates had opened, during twelve centuries, to no infidel invader. Its shrines had been profaned by no infidel footsteps. It was founded by one companion of the Prophet, it possessed the tomb of another. Hundreds of holy men had come to lay their bones in the sacred vicinity. It shared with Mecca the privilege of conferring the coveted title of *hadjî*, seven pilgrimages thither earning for their performer the dignity of the green turban. It was even prophetically affirmed that it would one day possess the venerated remains of Mahomet himself.

Mr. Rae, whose book, entitled "The Country of the Moors," stands amongst others at the head of this article, is one of the first Christians who have been allowed to enter the walls of Kairewân for many centuries. His account of his reception there is one of the most curious and amusing parts of his delightful work, to which we must refer our readers for a more complete account of these regions. We have seldom read a narrative of travels undertaken or related with greater spirit. Colonel Playfair obtained leave from the bey of Tunis to visit the sealed city a short time after Mr. Rae had visited it, and, as his work is less generally known, we shall borrow his account of its legendary story. It would seem that, as the Moors anticipated, these visits were ominous of coming evil, and laid their holy places open to the invader.

Next to Mecca and Medina, no city is so sacred in the eyes of Western Mohammedans as Kerouan. The history of its foundation is given by Ibn Khaldoun. In the fiftieth year of the Hedjira (A.D. 670) Moaouia ibn-Abi-Sofian sent Okba ibn-Nafa to conquer Africa. The latter proposed to his troops to found a city which might serve him as a camp, and be a rallying-point for Islamism till the end of time. He conducted them to where Kerouan now is, and which was then covered with thick and impenetrable forest, the habitation of wild beasts and noxious reptiles. Having collected round him the eighteen companions of the Prophet who were in his army, he called out in a loud voice, "Serpents and savage beasts,

* Storia dei Musulmani, ii., pp. 547-8.

† *Maghrib* or *Maghreb* signifies in Arabic "West," and is used to designate that very distinct region of Africa cut off from the rest of the continent by the desert and the Lesser Syrtis (Gulf of Gabes), which comprises the countries of Tunis, Algeria, and Morocco.

we are the companions of the blessed Prophet. Retire! for we intend to establish ourselves here." Whereupon they all retired peaceably, and at the sight of this miracle many of the Berbers were converted to Islamism; during forty years from that date not a serpent was seen in Ifrikia. No wonder that Okba is as much venerated here as St. Patrick is in Ireland.

Okba then planted his lance in the ground, and called out "Here is your *Kerouan*" (caravan, or resting-place), thus giving the name to the new city. He himself traced out the foundation of the governor's palace, and of the great mosque, the true position of the *kibla*, or direction of Mecca, which was miraculously communicated to him by God. In most mosques the Imam, when leading the public prayers, turns ostentatiously a little on one side or the other, as if facing Mecca with even greater exactitude than the building itself; but here he invariably stands exactly in front of the people, thus recognizing the miraculous correctness of the sacred niche or apse which indicates the direction of the great sanctuary.

The sacred character [he continues] of this city has not exempted it from its full share of war and violence. Even the great mosque has more than once been almost totally destroyed by the Mohammedans themselves, but it has never actually been polluted by a Christian invader. . . . Until quite lately, the city was entirely sealed against all who did not profess the faith of El-Islam, and even now it is only by a special order of the bey that a Christian is admitted within its walls. A Jew dare not even approach it, and it is said that when on one occasion the heir-presumptive paid a visit to it with a Jewish retainer in his suite, he was compelled to leave the latter at a day's journey outside.

The great mosque was founded by Sidi Okba; but El-Bekri states that a century later Yezid ibn-Hatem, governor of Africa, demolished it all, with the exception of the *Mihrab*, and rebuilt it. Ziadat-Ullah, the first emir of the Aghlabite dynasty bearing that name, demolished it a second time, and once more reconstructed it.

Exteriorly it has no architectural pretensions, but in the interior there are nearly 500 marble columns, all derived from Roman buildings in various parts of the country. Of these 256 are in the internal sanctuary itself; the remainder are in the courts of the building, disposed in fifteen naves. On each side of the *Mihrab* are two columns of greater beauty than the rest, and in the central aisle in front of it are three more on each side, with smaller ones between, regarding which the Arabs have a superstition that only those whose salvation is assured are able to pass between them. Any person in mortal sin, whatever be his stature, however stout or however thin, would certainly find himself unable to squeeze through.

The wall of the great mosque is said to bear the inscription, "Cursed be he who

shall count these columns, for he shall lose his sight." It is characteristic of our time that the first to brave the malediction and dissipate the mystery was the correspondent of an English newspaper. Two highly interesting letters in the *Times* (November 15 and 18, 1881) let in the unpitying light of the nineteenth century upon the long-hidden sanctuaries of Moslem superstition. The stones which, at the word of Okba, moved of themselves into their destined places, have been numbered and measured, and one of the few hiding-places left to the unknown has been thrown open to modern curiosity. The great mosque measures in its widest extent 142 yards by 85; the prayer-chamber, or *Mihrab*, exactly 40 yards by 80. The vaulted roof of the great central nave is supported by a double row of enormous black marble columns with white Corinthian capitals; these are flanked on either side by nine ranges of pillars of inferior size, and various form and color, on which rest the semicircular arches of eighteen lesser aisles. In the apse of the *Mihrab*, which is richly decorated with mosaics, is seen, on the left, a large slab of white marble, covered with emblems and surrounded by broad bands of verd-antique. The hand of Okba himself is said to have placed it there twelve hundred years ago. The number of columns in the nave alone is forty; the prayer-chamber (with *façade*) contains no less than two hundred and six, and the sum-total of those in the interior of the edifice amounts to four hundred and twelve. The multitude of these relics of ancient splendor collected for the embellishment of a single building suggests, and the explorations of travellers certify, the strength and extent of Roman domination in regions now inaccessible to civilization, and scarcely available for habitation.*

Next in sanctity to the Great Mosque of Okba comes the "Mosque of the Companion." Syed Abdullah was, if tradition says truly, one of the most devoted disciples and intimate friends of Mahomet. After his death, he came to Africa, and died at Kairewân, old and revered. The three hairs of the Prophet's beard which, during his lifetime, he wore constantly on his breast, were buried with him—one under the tongue, one on his

* Mr. Rae was not allowed to enter the mosque, but his calculation of the number of columns from the outside, and from the information he collected, tallies very nearly with subsequent observation. He estimated the total number of columns in the prayer-chamber at 171 (perhaps omitting the *façade*), and the whole number at 415.

right arm, and the third next his heart. Hence arose amongst Europeans the grotesque idea that he was one of the Prophet's barbers! The cluster of buildings, containing the tomb of "My Lord, the Companion," which lies outside the city walls, and affords several examples of elaborate and beautiful decoration, was also visited and described by the writer above alluded to.

The inhabitants of Kairwân often suffer severely from drought, their sole water supply being contained in cisterns under their houses. A striking illustration of the apathy into which they have fallen is afforded by the ruined or damaged condition of the three great reservoirs constructed for their use by Saracen princes.

The only well in the city [we recur, for the last time, to Colonel Playfair's observations] is one of very brackish water, called El-Barota. Tradition says that on the foundation of the city it was discovered by a *sloughi*, or Arab greyhound, scratching up the ground. The pious believe that there is a communication between this and the holy well of Zemzem at Mecca. A pilgrim once let his drinking-vessel fall into the latter, and on his return to Kerouan he found it in El-Barota! . . .

It is extremely difficult to form anything like an accurate estimate of the population of such a city as this. . . . Comparing it with Mohammedan cities in Algeria, the population of which is known, I should be inclined to put it down at considerably less than 20,000. It formerly possessed a very considerable trade, and was famous for the manufacture of carpets and woollen fabrics; now its industry is almost confined to the manufacture of copper vessels, saddlery, and Arab boots and shoes. As a rule, the *physique* of the people is poor, and the children are unusually rude and ill-bred towards strangers. There is very little inter-marriage between the inhabitants of Kerouan and the people of other towns; the result in so small a community is an inevitable tendency to degenerate. Cancer, sore eyes, and maladies depending on dirt and poverty of blood are very common.

A short distance to the south of the city is Sabra, the site of Vicus Augusti, mentioned in the Itinerary of Antonine, from which has been derived a great part of the ancient materials employed in the construction of Kerouan, and of the royal residences in the neighborhood, which in their turn have disappeared.

One of the sententious sayings which Sallust puts into the mouth of the conqueror of Jugurtha is that "wars are easy to begin, but most difficult to finish." The French are learning, not for the first time, the truth of this aphorism. The enterprise on which they are now engaged is a very different one from the "prom-

nade militaire et campagne diplomatique" (to use a phrase of M. de la Berge's) which was in contemplation when the "Galissonnière" disembarked, on the first day of last May, her cargo of fusiliers at Bizerta. We seem to be witnessing a repetition of the operations conducted by Marius in the kingdom of Jugurtha. The same plan of campaign appears to have been adopted: the same line of march has been followed. The "*oppidum magnum atque valens, inter ingentes solitudines nomine Capsa*," surprised and burnt by the Roman consul in the year 106 B.C., gave its name and yielded its site to the town, situated in an oasis of wonderful beauty and fertility surrounded by vast desert tracts, which General Saussier's column entered on November 20. But to the difficulties encountered by Marius two fresh ones are added. The French are opposed by no conspicuous chief, whose capture or death would at once terminate the war; and they have to contend with the unmeasured forces of religious hatred and fanatical zeal. We do not doubt that they will eventually triumph, and that their triumph will be for the profit of civilization in ways and by means perhaps different from what they expect; but we believe that an expedition undertaken in defiance of public faith, and at the instigation of national jealousy, would never have left French shores, could the cost have been counted or the consequences foreseen.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
A BIT OF LOOT.

THE word *loot* has now become naturalized in the English language, and needs no explanation.

I went to Delhi in the month of November, 1857, on a visit to a military friend who was then quartered there. It will be remembered that we had re-captured the rebellious city, after a siege of several months, in the month of September. As we had attacked the city from one side only, most of the inhabitants had fled from it before we took it. They had got out as we came in. For a great fear was upon them. We had then expelled almost all that remained behind on military grounds. We had to occupy the whole city, and garrison it with a very small force. The city had been declared confiscated also.

It was most strange to ride through the

now silent streets and deserted squares of the great city. You seemed to be going over a modern Pompeii. There did not come over you the strange, ghastly feeling of unreality that steals over you in Pompeii. You were not carried into a strange new world of sight and thought and feeling. You were not weighed upon by by-gone ages, oppressed by time. Time like space is a most oppressive thought to the human mind. And any of the great monuments of the past, such as Pompeii, which mark off some portion of its boundlessness carry with them some of its weight and mystery. But it was the contrary of these things with the similar silentness and desolation that weighed upon you. Here was all the reality of recent life; of yesterday, of to-day. But still, somehow, there was here the feeling of a by-gone age. The city could not have been alive yesterday, that was so silent now. It seemed somehow a thing of the past. The tide of war had not flowed through this retired street. There had been richer quarters to ransack. Everything stood here as it had been left. Here stood the houses, with their furniture, poor, but all the people had; here were the shops with their little stock of goods still on the counter. But there was no human being in the houses, or in the shops, or in the street. There was no going in and out; no standing up and sitting down; no sound of voices. Dead silence reigned over all. If it is impressive in Pompeii to see in the streets the marks of the wheels that rolled a thousand years ago, to find the loaves that were baked but not eaten then, it was also impressive here to find the cooking-pot on the fireplace; the bread in the dish; the bed laid out to sleep on; the cart that had been left standing at the door. If in Pompeii it is resurrection, here it was sudden death. If in Pompeii you look on a ghost, here you looked on a dead body from which the warmth of life had hardly fled.

Strangest of all was it to pass through the Chandnee Chouk, the "Moonlight" or "Silver Square," the central market-place, and find it, too, void and silent. For it had been so full of life and sound and movement but a short time before, as it is again to-day. For the Chandnee Chouk was and is the Regent Street and Pall Mall combined of Delhi. And Delhi was the great imperial city of the East. More than Granada, more than Cordova, more even than Constantinople, Delhi has been the great city of the Mahomedan con-

quest. To the followers of the Prophet the fondest and proudest memories hung about it. It was the capital of the greatest empire over which the crescent had shone and held sway. It marked their proudest conquest.

Here the triumphs of the faith had culminated. Here stood the proudest monuments of their art. Here they had erected a great palace-fortification; built lovely chambers and halls; raised the loftiest and most beautiful shrines. To the Mahomedan of India the lines inscribed on the walls of one of those chambers, "If there be a heaven upon earth it is here," applied to the whole city. It was his favorite dwelling-place. It was the seat of government; the centre of trade and commerce and the industrial arts; the seat of learning and religious instruction; of good manners and polite speech; the centre of pleasure. To it came the courtier, the student, the devotee, the trader, and the man of pleasure. Even now, when there is no longer here the court of the Great Mogul, it is the favorite dwelling-place of the Mahomedan nobles, even of the Hindoo princes, of that part of India. You find Mussulman Orientalism in full perfection in three cities only—in Damascus, in Cairo, and in Delhi.

But a few months before the Chandnee Chouk at midday had been one of the most bright, gay, glittering, bustling, picturesque places that you could see. The whole place shone and sparkled. In the dresses of the people were to be seen all the colors of the rainbow, as bright as you see them in the sky. Twenty different kinds of robe and head-dress went by you in a few minutes. For here came together people from all parts, not only of India, but of Asia. The shops on either side were filled with glistening goods. The two driving-roads on either side of the broad street were thronged with vehicles. Here went by the English-made barouche with its pair of horses, and the canopied *ruth*, looking like a pagoda on wheels, drawn by a tall and lordly pair of bullocks. Here went by the elephants with gaudy housings, whisking their trunks and looking about them with their little eyes. They looked like little mountains which had walked away with the castles on their tops. The men, and even the women, from neighboring Rajpootana went by on their high bred camels. The young dandies of the place rode about on their capering, curvetting horses, with colored legs and tail and plaited mane. The central walk, with its avenue of trees

and the canal down its middle, was thronged with people on foot. The place was full of the voices of the people and the cries of the itinerant vendors. "Melons, sweet melons!" "Here are roses and sweet jessamine!" "Cakes fresh and hot!" "Sugarcane and water-nuts!" "Whey, sweet whey!" The beggars were calling, "Take thought of the poor." "Remember the needy." "Feed the hungry in Allah's name." And everywhere was the tinkling of the little brass cups of the water-carriers, and their musical cry of "Water for the thirsty, water!" For no voice is so harsh that it could make the word for water other than musical and sweet-sounding.

Most strange was it, then, to ride through this street and find it quite silent, empty, and deserted; with no sound in it but the echoes, far reaching through the void, of the horse's hoofs.

For the first three or four days after the capture of the city, our troops had been allowed the privilege of individual plunder in the city, but not in the palace. They could hardly have been restrained from this, in fact. Being allowed this, they submitted without murmur to the subsequent stoppage; which, in fact, was for their own advantage. For all the contents of the town had been declared confiscated, and the prize of the victorious army. Then came the more systematic gathering together of the spoil. A committee of military officers was appointed to do this, to act as prize agents. Leaving aside the customs of war, this confiscation was not held an undue exercise of the right of conquest even by the people themselves, for they had looked for sack and massacre, and the razing of the city to the ground; not for resistance to a foreign power, but for cruelty and treachery, and the murder of innocent women and children. Being a walled-in city, the gathering together of the valuables in it could be gone on with leisurely, for nothing was allowed in or out of the gates without a pass or scrutiny. By the middle of November, which was the time I went there, what with the first putting in of the hand of the troops, and the subsequent labors of the prize agents, most of the things of any value in the town had been carried away or gathered in the storerooms of the agents. But to bury money and jewels and precious stones in the ground has always been a custom in the East. A hole in the earth is the favorite bank. And in so large a city, with its labyrinth of streets, its smaller

squares inside bigger squares, and courtyards within these, there were many nooks and corners which had not been searched thoroughly, some not even visited. So all search, especially for hidden and buried things, had not been given up. The prize agents gave permission to others besides their own staff of men to search, on condition of the articles found being delivered up to them, they paying a certain percentage on the estimated value. Of course, if a man found a very large pearl or emerald or diamond, whether he put it into his waistcoat pocket, or took it to the prize agents, had to be left to his honor and conscience. But the prize agents gave the permission only to men they thought would bring them. They had taken possession of all the places where there was likely to be any great store of silver and gold and jewels and valuable property; such as the palace of the king, the houses of the princes and chief noblemen and bankers. And they had reaped the more open fields so closely that they thought they had not left very much for the gleaners.

The friend with whom I was staying had peculiar facilities for the search for hidden treasure. From the nature of his duties and his official position, he could go where he liked, enter any house, dig in any spot, without let or hindrance. I accompanied him one day on one of his rounds. He meant to penetrate into one of the remoter quarters of the town. As we approached it the chill silence became almost oppressive. The dead stillness was not a thing of nought, but had a dreary weight, an actual presence. It hung about you, clung round you. On the populous city had come the loneliness and desolation of the desert. There seemed a strange uselessness about the paved streets and the tall houses and warehouses. In the dwelling-places was no longer heard the sound of the millstones, or seen the light of the candle. It was the cold, still, ghastly face of a corpse: eye-gate, ear-gate, mouth-gate closed. These feelings deepened as we got into the narrower streets, some only ten or twelve feet broad, with the houses rising to great heights on either side, and presenting for long distances only a blank, bare surface of wall to the street. The air was dank and chill. The eye saw from one end of the long, narrow street to the other as when you look down an empty corridor. The sound of our footsteps made strange echoes down it. The sound of each footfall was sharply repeated;

floated away; lived and lasted for long distances; re-echoed in distant squares and courtyards; made a faint current of sound down the corridors by their side, and ruffled the pools of silence in distant chambers. It was a relief to have to make a *détour* through a more open street, where there was some movement, and the signs of the recent conflict took off one's thoughts from the brooding silence. There had been a sharp fight in this street; in some places the sides of the houses were scored with lines like a sheet of music paper, showing the heavy volleys that had been fired down it.

The cats glared at you from the tops of walls like young tigers. They had grown to a monstrous size. They looked to the full as fierce and cruel and bloodthirsty as tigers, for they had been revelling on human flesh.

In these remote parts of the town you encountered to the full as many "well-defined and several stinks" as have been credited to the city of Cologne. My friend had become quite learned in distinguishing these.

"Hum!" he said, as we passed one corner, "that is a horse." "Phew!" he cried, as we turned another, "that is a camel." And sure enough, after a time we came on the carcasses of the animals he had mentioned.

We once more turned into the quarter into whose depths we meant to penetrate. This single excursion gave me a better idea of the plan of a native town than I should otherwise ever have obtained. For English people, unless taken by official duties, very rarely go into the native towns by whose sides they live. An Englishman may have been six or seven years at Agra or Allahabad, and never have entered the native town, or have driven only once or twice down the main street.

Security and privacy are the two main objects the native aims at in the location as well as the plan of his house. He does not mind the vicinity of a mass of poor houses; he welcomes a network of narrow winding lanes and streets. Nothing is more striking than the contrast between the wide, open, defenceless English station, with its straw-roofed bungalows, and the close-built native town by its side. The conquerors hold the land in villas, and the conquered dwell in the fenced-in cities. In early ages houses were built primarily for defence, for every man's house had then literally to be his castle.

In the East the plan of all houses above the mere hut or shed is the same—that of a square with a courtyard in the centre, access to which is obtained by means of a single doorway or gateway. When the gates are closed the house is a small fort, with the household for garrison. Then again the quarters in which dwell the men of the same caste, trade, or profession, form separate blocks in the town, access to which is obtained through one or two gateways only. Take, for instance, the plan of the Mohalla, or quarter into which we were now making our way. Between two of the main streets of the town, about a quarter of a mile apart, ran a narrow connecting street at right angles to them. On either side of this narrow street lay the Mohalla, with its narrow lanes and internal squares. The only way to enter the quarter was from either end of the central street, and the ingress was guarded at those points by lofty gateways and massive gates. In times of danger those would be the first points guarded by the inhabitants of the quarter. If they were forced, then would come the separate defence of each of the better-class houses. If the owner of one of these was a resolute man, had a large number of well-armed retainers, and had laid in a stock of food enough, he could make a stubborn and lengthy defence. The well in the courtyard would furnish the small garrison with water.

As we penetrated into this quarter the chill, due to the long shut-up houses, the absence of fires, the want of movement, became greater; the silence deepened, and we seemed to have passed away from the outer world, though surrounded by the habitations of men.

It was strange to pass through the wicket of a lofty gateway, and find yourself alone in a silent courtyard surrounded by empty rooms. In one of these the beauty of the buildings, the long arcades with their horseshoe arches resting on slender pillars of stone, the balconies resting on brackets each one of which was a fine piece of sculpture, and the beautifully pierced panels of stone, showed that it had belonged to some rich Mahomedan nobleman or Hindoo banker.

"There should be something here," said my practical friend. The upper rooms on that side, with their lace-like marble lattices, signs of jealous privacy, had been the dwelling-place of the women, the Zenana. Those lower rooms had been thronged with servants. But where was

now the pleasant bustle of domestic and social life, the coming and going, the cheerful voices, and the light-hearted laughter? War is not a pleasant thing. It is hard that its evils should fall on women and children, and not be confined to the strong men. The humble bedsteads, the earthenware cooking-pots of the servants, stood as they had been left. The head-stalls and heel-ropes marked where the horses had stood. The water-pot stood by the side of the well. The solitary palm-tree in a corner of the courtyard looked sad and lonely, and its leaves rustled with a mournful sound. To us the bareness of the rooms did not add to the feeling of desolation as it would have to those who were not acquainted, like ourselves, with the usual want of what we call furnishing in the houses of the natives. Bedsteads, and rough chests in which to keep clothes, often form the only "articles of furniture" in the house of a well-to-do native, unless we bring under that category the clothes and carpets, the cooking-pots, and the brass vessels to eat and drink out of.

To one fresh from England, the complete absence of chairs, tables, sofas, bookshelves, sideboards, wardrobes, and all the other articles in an English home, would make the Indian dwelling-place look very empty. I once went to visit a Hindoo rajah who lived in a castle which his father had held against us for some time. Setting aside his wife's apartments, which he only visited, he lived in one room. This room was carpeted, and one side of it, before some open windows, was occupied by a large wooden dais raised above the ground. This dais was also covered with a handsome carpet, and had on it many large silk-covered pillows and bolsters. This dais was really the old man's dwelling-place. This was his bedroom, dining-room, drawing-room. Here he sat or reclined during the greater part of the day, and here he slept at night; here he took his meals out of the one or two dishes that sufficed to hold them; here he did his work; here he received his friends and visitors; here his bed was spread for him at night. The marks of wealth and position and superior comfort were in the large uncut emeralds that hung in his ears, in the fineness of the muslin that he wore; the richness of the shawls about him, the silver legs that upheld the dais, its rich covering, the silken or brocaded bolsters; in the crowd of retainers who waited without; in all that he ate being raised and cooked by Brahmins; in

his eating out of a silver dish, and drinking out of a silver cup. The rich man in India spends his money on the architecture of his house, in rich carpets and bed-covers, in valuable shawls, in rich dresses for his wives and children (on the latter he will put solid anklets and armlets of silver and of gold), in horses or fast-trotting bullocks, and in many vehicles; in a host of servants and armed retainers, in great feasts on the occasion of a marriage.

But to return to the courtyard we had entered. It was strange to find oneself in possession of another man's house, to be able to go where one liked, and do what one liked in it. It was strange to find oneself breaking open another man's strong box, and rifling it of its contents. There is a pleasurable excitement in it; it is a new sensation. The odd thing in battle must be to find yourself authorized to kill any one you can. It was strange to find oneself an authorized burglar, a permitted thief. Allowing fully the great and noble difference, yet in war time one does go through some of the processes of murder, burglary, and theft.

The quick eye of my friend detected signs of habitation in a small side room in one corner of the courtyard. "There is some one in there," he said.

A flight of steps led up to it. We went up these cautiously. The door at the top of them, leading into the chamber, was partially hidden by a heap of brambles, apparently put there to impede the way. Removing these, he found the door closed. It resisted all his efforts to open it, though it seemed fragile enough.

"There is some one behind it," said my friend; "I hear his breathing." He called loudly through the chinks, and told the man to open the door, and that no harm would be done him. There was no answer to his repeated calls. At last he said, —

"Open the door and trust to us; we will not harm you; if you do not, I will bring some soldiers, and they will not spare you."

The door was slowly opened, and an old man peered out at us. The wild, frightened, hungry look in his eyes startled us. His long white hair and long white beard showed that he was a very old man. But the hollow cheeks and hollow stomach, the protruding ribs, the wrinkled skin, were not due to old age alone. His long, lean fingers, his fleshless arms and legs, were like those of a skeleton. He was a very tall man, and as he stood on his long, lean

shanks, his hip-bones stood sharply out, and the bend in his body made the hollow in his stomach still more dreadful. The poor wretch shivered and trembled from weakness, from hunger, and from fear. He looked as if he was at the last extremity of starvation. When at length we got him to tell us his story in trembling accents, it appeared that he had somehow been left behind when the rest of the household had left the place. He was a feeble man, and could not move fast. Afterwards he had been afraid to venture out into the streets by himself. The people had sent all their property and valuables away long before the time of our assault — the old man dwelt very much on this point — and so at the time of the assault they had been able to move rapidly away. They had left the flour they had laid in for ordinary domestic use behind, however, and this he had brought up into this lonely chamber, and cooked himself some cakes once or twice a week, for he was afraid lest the fire should betray him. It had only just sufficed to keep him alive. The constant fear of discovery had been every hour of each day a torment to him, he said. He slept but little at night. He had always been a well-wisher of the British government. He was now sick unto death, and a poor, feeble old man. If he did not get some nourishment soon, he should die. My friend had his orderly with him, and told him to take the old man to his quarters, and get him some food at once. But the old man fell at his feet and clasped his knees, and begged him not to send him with the Sikh sepoy. He was sure he would kill him on the way. Let the merciful sahibs come with him. There was nothing in that place to search for — nothing. But my friend told him he must go with the orderly, and so he went off, weeping and trembling.

We then went over the house. We broke open two or three chests we found in some of the rooms, but there was nothing in them but quilts and coverlets and the ordinary clothing of the people. I appropriated a rather prettily embroidered skull-cap, and a pair of slippers gaily decked with tinsel. I also found, lying on the floor of one of the rooms, a copy of the poems of Hafiz, very handsomely bound, and of exquisite penmanship, which also I determined to carry away, to convey. In one room was a great heap of brass and copper vessels. These it was not worth our while, of course, to take away; and some of them, those most

valuable from the metal in them, were too bulky to be moved.

"I am rather surprised to find so little of any value here," said my friend. "The people who lived here must have been wealthy. I suppose they removed all their valuables early in the siege, as the old man said."

As I have said before, the plan of the buildings was the usual one, that of a hollow square; the courtyard in the middle being a large one. The lower story of the side of the square in which the gateway was — the buildings were two-storied — had a long open corridor, used for stabling the bullocks and horses. The lower story of the opposite side of the square was closed in and used, like the story above it, for a dwelling-place; here being, in fact, the Zenana. The lower stories of the other sides of the square consisted simply of open arcades with Moorish arches resting on slender pillars. At the end of one of these verandahs, on a rude bedstead, lay the dead body of a sepoy, still clothed in the full uniform of the East India Company, in which, it may be, the man had fought many a battle for the Company, and now had fought this one against it. He had no doubt been wounded in the fight in the street not far off, and had crept into this quiet place to die. His bayonet lay on the floor by the side of the bedstead.

The gateway leading into the courtyard was not in the middle of that side of the square, but very near one end of it, which also brought it very near the end of one of the adjoining sides. It was, therefore, very near the end of one of these open arcades, the one in which the dead sepoy lay. The sight of the dead man had kept us in this verandah for some time. To my friend it was a more familiar and accustomed sight than it was to me, and it did not rivet his attention as it did mine. He had been looking about him with his keen eyes, while I had my gaze fixed on the man who had lain down on the bedstead for a longer and deeper sleep than he had ever experienced in one before.

"Excuse me for a minute," said my friend, as he crossed over to the opposite arcade; and I saw him pacing down it with measured step. When he came back he did the same with the one in which I stood.

"These two verandahs should be the same length," he said to me.

"Yes," I said, "they occupy the two sides of a square. Even in a parallelogram the opposite sides are equal."

"Precisely so; but by the measurements I have just made, this verandah is fifteen feet shorter than the other one. Just wait here a second,"—and he walked to the gateway and then through it into the street. When he came back, he walked up to the end of the arcade next the gateway and examined it closely.

"This end has been walled up," he said; "come and look at the space there is between this inside wall and the wall outside in the street. They would never have a solid wall of that thickness. There would be no object in it here. I am sure that there was an arch like those along the outside of the verandah across this end of it, and that it has been bricked up, and the joining of the wall and arch carefully concealed. It would be at the level of the other ones. If you will give me a back, I will soon find out."

I leaned against the wall as we used to do when we played "Buck! buck! how many fingers do I hold up?" at school, and my friend mounted up and began to scrape away the plaster with his pocket-knife.

"Just as I thought," he exclaimed, as he slipped down again. "There is no doubt about it. Do you mind doing a bit of digging?"

"No," I said; "but what are we to dig with?"

"This *is* provoking!" he cried; "the orderly has taken away the pickaxe with him. If we leave this place for an hour, some one else may discover it; and now that I have scraped the plaster away, the bricking up is easily seen. And if any one else begins the digging, we cannot interrupt them in it. It would then be their claim, as they call it in the gold fields."

"There is the sepoy's bayonet," I said; "we could dig a hole in a wall with that."

"Of course we could; and he got it and we set to work. At first the work was slow and difficult. We could do no more than pick out the mortar, which luckily had scarcely set, from the joints between the bricks. But at last we managed to get out a brick. The work became more rapid then. At last the bayonet gave a sudden slip, showing that it had pierced through the wall. And now the hollow sound of the mortar and brickbats falling on the other side of the wall showed that there was a chamber behind it. There must be something worth hiding there, and now we went to work with coats off. At the end of an hour's work we had made

a good-sized hole. "Will you go in and see what there is?" said my friend, I being slight and slender and he a portly man. I did so; and crawled out again, sick and dizzy from the foul air within. "We must make the hole bigger," said my friend, "and you had better go out into the open air for a few minutes."

When the hole or opening had been made as large as a small casement window, we waited for some time longer to let the foul air come out and the fresh air enter, and then we went in together. There were two or three large and roughly-made chests, or rather cases, for they were evidently made simply to hold their contents, and not secure them. We soon had the covers off these, and found them full of handsome shawls, and scarves, and pieces of silk, and kincob. There were beautiful suits of women's clothes—the full trousers, and the little bodice, and the long, flowing sheet to throw over the head—of very fine silk, thickly embroidered with gold and silver. The collection of articles was a very miscellaneous one, for in one chest were several very handsome, richly embroidered sword-belts and horse-trappings. While we were hard at work we heard a chuckle at the opening in the wall, and looking up saw the glitter of a pair of eyes and the gleam of a long row of teeth. My friend immediately jumped out, with the bayonet in his hand. The inlooker was probably one of our own followers; but in times like those you could not very much trust any one, and the sight of plunder might lead to our being disposed of, if taken at disadvantage, in such a lonely place. The man turned out to be one of our Sikh soldiers; good fighters but keen plunderers. Love of military employment, a desire to pay off old scores against the sepoys who had helped to break their power and conquer their country, had been the chief reasons that had led to their flocking to our standard at that time; but the hope of loot had been an equally strong one. They had looked forward to the plunder of Delhi, and had not been disappointed in their expectations. It was they, of all the soldiery, who had made the best use of the first few days of permitted plunder. This man was a very fine specimen of the race; tall, lean, lithe, keen-eyed, with a hooked nose and a peaked beard. His eyes glistened as he looked at the hole, and his lips kept parted with a smile or grin. Here was a scene he loved; here was congenial work.

"We must get rid of this fellow," said

my friend; "give me out that shawl and that sword-belt."

I handed these out to him, and he gave them to the Sikh. The man's face beamed as he took the sword-belt; it was very handsome, and no doubt valuable, too, from the amount of bullion on it; it was just what he wanted. He made a salute and walked away.

"I was very anxious to get rid of the man," said my companion, as he entered the chamber again, "because I do not think, as he did I could see, that these shawls and things are all that are in here. I am sure that they must have had some valuable things in this house, from the look of it."

So he took one of the silver-covered maces, of which there were several in one corner, and began to sound the floor carefully and systematically. In one corner it sounded hollow. He stooped down and scraped away the mud, and lo! there presented itself to us a large, circular stone, with an iron ring at the top. To me—a young lad then—the breaking into the chamber had been exciting enough, a great adventure. Now my excitement rose to fever point. Here was probably the entrance to long, underground galleries, such as those which Aladdin got into in the "Arabian Nights," in which stood the trees on whose branches hung rubies and emeralds, and pearls and diamonds, and great sapphires. Visions rose before me of a house of my own, in England; perhaps a deer-park; horses and hunters, and a moor in Scotland. But when we got the stone up, after some exertion of strength and trouble, it showed no winding staircase leading down to an underground treasure-house.

There was nothing but a small, circular pit, about three feet deep, lined and paved with masonry. But in this were several wooden boxes, and small copper boxes with pierced sides and top, in which was a large quantity of jewelry, rolled up in little pieces of cloth, or put away in cotton.

Here were thick bangles of solid gold and solid silver; here were rings for the fingers and rings for the toes; ear-rings and nose-rings; gold and silver chains for the neck; silver chains to wear round the waist; necklaces of many kinds, some to wear close round the neck and some that hung far down on the breast. But alas! even here was disappointment. Very few of the precious stones that had ornamented the jewelry had been left behind. They had been picked out and

carried away! Here were heaps of rings tied together in bunches with silk thread, but all the most valuable stones had been removed from them. It was sad to see the great holes in the solid gold hoops, and think that they had held big emeralds and diamonds which might have been ours. However, we poured all the jewelry into a small silk scarf, and made a bundle of it. We also made a bundle of the best shawls and other articles, and then we departed with our loot.

"We will take these to the prize agents at once," said my friend; "we will then come back with some of their men and take away all the other things."

Just as we were passing out under the gateway my friend exclaimed suddenly: "I see it all! the cunning old fox! He was not forgotten at all. He was left behind on purpose to guard the treasure. They knew that it was not likely that any one would hurt so old and feeble a man; that hiding himself was all humbug. How well he acted—the cunning old fox! Did you hear what happened in another place like this? I went into it too. There was a grave in the middle of the courtyard, covered with a velvet pall and flowers, and with lights burning at the head—after the usual Mahomedan fashion, you know. A young woman sat by the side of the grave, weeping and wailing. She was the dead man's wife. We might ransack the house, and take all that was in it, but she begged that she might be left to watch by the grave of her beloved husband until permission could be got to remove his body to the graveyard without the walls. He had died suddenly during the days of the assault, and they had been afraid to carry out the body then, and had laid it in this grave in the courtyard. And the poor young thing wept piteously under her veil. We could not see her face, of course, but from the figure and the voice we knew that she must be a very young girl. She begged to be left there with the venerable old man, an aged retainer, a very counterpart of this other old scoundrel, who had remained behind with her. And she cried as if her heart would break. Of course we said that she might remain; and in fact, being interested in her, said that we would get the permission of the commanding officer for the relations to come and remove the body as soon as they could. They seemed very anxious to do this, for they came the very next day and carried away the beloved one's dust. Then it came out that no one had died or been buried there at

all. The whole thing was a ruse. And there at our very feet, in the hole by the side of which the poor widow lay weeping, had been lying hidden a mass of precious stones and valuable jewels, worth thousands of pounds."

We got the whole of our discovered treasure down to the offices of the prize agents. Though we had not made as great a haul as we at one moment expected, yet it was not a bad morning's work; it was not a bad bit of loot.

This story really is a true one, so far as anything that is related can be true.

R. E. F.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

HOW THE STARS GOT THEIR NAMES.

ARTEMUS WARD used to say that, while there were many things in the science of astronomy hard to be understood, there was one fact which entirely puzzled him. He could partly perceive how we "weigh the sun," and ascertain the component elements of the heavenly bodies, by the aid of *spectrum* analysis. "But what beats me about the stars," he observed plaintively, "is how we come to know their names." This question, or rather the somewhat similar question, "How did the constellations come by their very peculiar names?" has puzzled Professor Pritchard and other astronomers more serious than Artemus Ward. Why is a group of stars called the Bear, or the Swan, or the Twins, or named after the Pleiades, the fair daughters of the giant Atlas? These are difficulties that meet even children, when they examine a "celestial globe." There they find the figure of a bear, traced out with lines in the intervals between the stars of the constellations, while a very imposing giant is so drawn that Orion's belt just fits his waist. But when he comes to look at the heavens, the infant speculator sees no sort of likeness to a bear in the stars, nor anything at all resembling a giant in the neighborhood of Orion. The most eccentric modern fancy which can detect what shapes it will in clouds, is unable to find any likeness to human or animal forms in the stars, and yet we call a great many of the stars by the names of men, and beasts, and gods. Some resemblance to terrestrial things, it is true, every one can behold in the heavens. Corona, for example, is like a crown, or, as the Australian black fellows know, it is like a

boomerang, and we can understand why they give it the name of that curious curved missile. The Milky Way, again, does resemble a path in the sky; our English ancestors called it Watling Street—the path of the Watlings, mythical giants—and Bushmen in Africa and Red Men in North America name it the "ashen path." The ashes of the path, of course, are supposed to be hot and glowing, not dead and black, like the ash-paths of modern running-grounds. Other and more recent names for certain constellations are also intelligible. In Homer's time the Greeks had two names for the Great Bear; they called it the Bear, or the Wain; and a certain fanciful likeness to a wain may be made out, though no resemblance to a bear is manifest. In the United States the same constellation is popularly styled the Dipper, and every one may observe the likeness to a dipper, or toddy-ladle. But these resemblances take us only a little way towards learning how the constellations obtained their human and animal appellations. We know that we derive many of the names straight from the Greek, but whence did the Greeks get them? On this subject Goquet, the author of "*L'Origine des Lois*," a rather learned but too speculative work of the last century, makes the following characteristic remarks: "The Greeks received their astronomy from Prometheus. This prince, as far as history teaches us, made his observations on Mount Caucasus." That was the eighteenth century's method of interpreting mythology. The myth preserved in "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus, tells us that Zeus crucified the Titan on Mount Caucasus. The French philosopher, rejecting the supernatural elements of the tale, makes up his mind that Prometheus was a prince of a scientific bent, and that he established his observatory on the frosty Caucasus. But, even admitting this, why did Prometheus give the stars animal names? Our author easily explains this by a hypothetical account of the manners of primitive men. "The earliest peoples," he says, "must have used writing for purposes of astronomical science. They would be content to design the constellations of which they wished to speak by the hieroglyphical symbols of their names; hence the constellations have insensibly taken the names of the chief symbols." Thus, a drawing of a bear or a swan was the hieroglyphic of the name of a star, or group of stars. But whence came the name which was rep-

resented by the hieroglyphic? That is precisely what our author forgets to tell us. But he easily goes on to remark that the meaning of the hieroglyphic came to be forgotten, and "the symbols gave rise to all the ridiculous tales about the heavenly signs." This explanation is attained by the process of reasoning in a vicious circle, from hypothetical premises ascertained to be false. All the known savages of the world, even those which have scarcely the elements of picture-writing, call the constellations by the names of men and animals, and all tell "ridiculous tales" to account for the names.

As the star-stories told by the Greeks, the ancient Egyptians, and other civilized people of the old world, exactly correspond in character, and sometimes even in incident, with the star-stories of modern savages, we have the choice of two hypotheses to explain this curious coincidence. Perhaps the star-stories, about nymphs changed into bears, and bears changed into stars, were invented by the civilized races of old, and gradually found their way amongst people like the Esquimaux, and the Australians, and Bushmen. Or it may be insisted that the ancestors of Australians, Esquimaux, and Bushmen were once civilized, like the Greeks and Egyptians, and invented star-stories, still remembered by their degenerate descendants. These are the two forms of the explanation which will be advanced by persons who believe that the star-stories were originally the fruit of the civilized imagination. The other theory would be, that the "ridiculous tales" about the stars were originally the work of the savage imagination, and that the Greeks and Egyptians, when they became civilized, retained the old myths that their ancestors had invented when they were savages. In favor of this theory it may be said, briefly, that there is no proof that the fathers of Australians, Esquimaux, and Bushmen had ever been civilized, while there is a great deal of evidence to suggest that the fathers of the Greeks had once been savages. And, if we incline to the theory that the star-myths are the creation of savage fancy, we at once learn why they are, in all parts of the world, so much alike. Just as the flint and bone weapons of rude races resemble each other much more than they resemble the metal weapons and the artillery of advanced peoples, so the mental products, the fairy-tales, and myths of rude races have everywhere a strong family resemblance. They are produced by

men in similar mental conditions of ignorance, curiosity, and credulous fancy, and they are intended to supply the same needs, partly of amusing narrative, partly of crude explanation of familiar phenomena.

Now it is time to prove the truth of our assertion, that the star-stories of savage and of civilized races closely resemble each other. Let us begin with that well-known group, the Pleiades. The peculiarity of the Pleiades is that the group consists of seven stars, of which one is so dim that it seems entirely to disappear, and many persons can only detect its presence through a telescope. The Greeks had a myth to account for the vanishing of the lost Pleiad. The tale is given in the "*Katasterismoi*" (stories of metamorphoses into stars) attributed to Eratosthenes. This work was probably written after our era; but the author derived his information from older treatises now lost. According to the Greek myth, then, the seven stars of the Pleiad were seven maidens, daughters of the giant Atlas. Six of them had gods for lovers; Poseidon admired two of them, Zeus three, and Ares one; but the seventh had only an earthly wooer, and when all of them were changed into stars, the maiden with the mortal lover hid her light for shame. Now let us compare the Australian story. According to Mr. Dawson ("Australian Aborigines"), a writer who knows the natives well, "their knowledge of the heavenly bodies greatly exceeds that of most white people," and "is taught by men selected for their intelligence and information. The knowledge is important to the aborigines on their night journeys;" so we may be sure that the natives are careful observers of the heavens, and are likely to be conservative of these astronomical myths. The "lost Pleiad" has not escaped them, and this is how they account for her disappearance. The Pirt Kopan Noot tribe have a tradition that the Pleiades were a queen and her six attendants. Long ago the Crow (our Canopus) fell in love with the queen, who refused to be his wife. The Crow found that the queen and her six maidens, like other Australian gips, were in the habit of hunting for white edible grubs in the bark of trees. The Crow at once changed himself into a grub (just as Jupiter and Indra used to change into swans, horses, ants, or what not) and hid in the bark of a tree. The six maidens sought to pick him out with their wooden hooks, but he broke the points of all the hooks. Then

came the queen, with her pretty bone hook; he let himself be drawn out, took the shape of a giant, and ran away with her. Ever since there have only been six stars, the six maidens, in the Pleiad. This story is well known, by the strictest inquiry, to be current among the blacks of the West District, and in South Australia.

Mr. Tylor, whose opinion is entitled to the highest respect, thinks that this may be a European myth, told by some settler to a black in the Greek form, and then spread about among the natives. He complains that the story of the loss of the *brightest* star does not fit the facts of the case.

We do not know, and how can the Australians know, that the lost star was once the brightest? It appears to me that the Australians, remarking the disappearance of a star, might very naturally suppose that the Crow had selected for his wife that one which had been the most brilliant of the cluster. Besides, the wide distribution of the tale among the natives, and the very great change in the nature of the incidents, seem to point to a native origin. Though the main conception—the loss of one out of seven maidens—is identical in Greek and in Murri, the manner of the disappearance is eminently Hellenic in the one case, eminently savage in the other. However this may be, nothing of course is proved by a single example. Let us next examine the stars Castor and Pollux. Both in Greece and in Australia these are said once to have been two young men. In the "*Katasterismoi*," already spoken of, we read: "The Twins, or *Dioskouroi*. They were nurtured in Lacedæmon, and were famous for their brotherly love, wherefore Zeus, desiring to make their memory immortal, placed them both among the stars." In Australia, according to Mr. Brough Smyth ("*Aborigines of Victoria*"), Turree (Castor) and Wanjel (Pollux) are two young men who pursue Purra and kill him at the commencement of the great heat. *Coonar toorung* (the mirage) is the smoke of the fire by which they roast him. In Greece it was not Castor and Pollux but Orion who was the great hunter set among the stars. Among the Bushmen of South Africa Castor and Pollux are not young men, but young women, the wives of the Eland, the great native antelope. In Greek star-stories, the Great Bear keeps watch, Homer says, on the hunter Orion for fear of a sudden attack. But how did the Bear get its name in Greece? According to Hesiod, the oldest Greek poet

after Homer, the Bear was once a lady, daughter of Lycaon, king of Arcadia. She was a nymph of the train of chaste Artemis, but yielded to the love of Zeus and became the ancestress of all the Arcadians (that is, Bear-folk). In her bestial form she was just about to be slain by her own son when Zeus rescued her by raising her to the stars. Here we must notice first, that the Arcadians, like Australians, Red Indians, Bushmen, and many other wild races, and like the Bedouins, believed themselves to be descended from an animal. That the early Egyptians did the same is not improbable; for names of animals are found among the ancestors in the very oldest genealogical papyrus,* as in the genealogies of the old English kings. Next the Arcadians transferred the ancestral bear to the heavens, and, in doing this, they resembled the Peruvians, of whom Acosta says: "They adored the star *Urchuchilly*, feigning it to be a Ram, and worshipped two others, and say that one of them is a *sheep*, and the other a lamb . . . others worshipped the star called the Tiger. *They were of opinion that there was not any beast or bird upon the earth, whose shape or image did not shine in the heavens.*"

But to return to our bears. The Australians have, properly speaking, no bears, though the animal called the native bear is looked up to by the aborigines with superstitious regard. But among the North American Indians, as the old missionaries Lafitau and Charlevoix observed, "the four stars in front of our constellation are a bear; those in the tail are hunters who pursue him; the small star apart is the pot in which they mean to cook him."

It may be held that the red men derived their bear from the European settlers. But, as we have seen, an exact knowledge of the stars has always been useful if not essential to savages; and we venture to doubt whether they would confuse their nomenclature and sacred traditions by borrowing terms from trappers and squatters. But, if this is improbable, it seems almost impossible that all savage races should have borrowed their whole conception of the heavenly bodies from the myths of Greece. It is thus that Egede, a missionary of the last century, describes the Esquimaux philosophy of the stars: "The notions that the Greenlanders have as to the origin of the heavenly lights—as sun, moon, and stars—are very nonsensical; in that they pre-

* Brugsch, *History of Egypt*, i. 32.

tend they have formerly been as many of their own ancestors, who, on different accounts, were lighted up to heaven, and became such glorious celestial bodies." Again, he writes: "Their notions about the stars are that some of them have been men, and others different sorts of animals and fishes." But every reader of Ovid knows that this was the very mythical theory of the Greeks and Romans. The Egyptians, again, worshipped Osiris, Isis, and the rest as *ancestors*, and there are even modern scholars who hold Osiris to have been originally a real historical person. But the Egyptian priests who showed Plutarch the grave of Osiris, showed him, too, the stars into which Osiris, Isis, and Horus had been metamorphosed. Here, then, we have Greeks, Egyptians, and Esquimaux, all agreed about the origin of the heavenly lights, all of opinion that "they have formerly been as many of their own ancestors."

The Australian general theory is: "Of the good men and women, after the deluge, Pundjel (a kind of Zeus, or rather a sort of Prometheus of Australian mythology) made stars. Sorcerers (*biraark*) can tell which stars were once good men and women." Here the sorcerers have the same knowledge as the Egyptian priests. Again, just as among the Arcadians "the progenitors of the existing tribes, whether birds, or beasts, or men, were set in the sky, and made to shine as stars."*

We have already given some Australian examples in the stories of the Pleiades, and of Castor and Pollux. We may add the case of the Eagle. In Greece the Eagle was the bird of Zeus, who carried off Ganymede to be the cup-bearer of Olympus. Among the Australians this same constellation is called Totyarguil; he was a man who, when bathing, was killed by a fabulous animal, a kind of kelpie; as Orion, in Greece, was killed by the Scorpion. Like Orion, he was placed among the stars. The Australians have a constellation named Eagle, but he is our Sirius, or dog-star.

The Bushmen, almost the lowest tribe of South Africa, have the same star-lore and much the same myths as the Greeks, Australians, Egyptians, and Esquimaux. According to Dr. Bleek, "stars, and even the sun and moon, were once mortals on earth, or even animals or inorganic substances, which happened to get translated to the skies. The sun was once a man, whose armpit radiated a limited amount

of light round his house. Some children threw him into the sky, and there he shines." The Homeric hymn to Helios, in the same way, as Mr. Max Müller observes, "looks on the sun as a half-god, almost a hero, who had once lived on earth." The pointers of the Southern Cross were "two men who were lions," just as Callisto, in Arcadia, was a woman who was a bear. It is not at all rare in those queer philosophies, as in that of the Scandinavians, to find that the sun or moon has been a man or woman. In an Australian fable the moon was a man, the sun a woman of indifferent character, who appears at dawn in a coat of red kangaroo skins, the present of an admirer. In an old Mexican text the moon was a man, across whose face a god threw a rabbit, thus making the marks in the moon. Among the Esquimaux the moon is a girl who always flees from the cruel brother, the sun, because he disfigured her face. Among the New Zealanders and North American Indians the sun is a great beast, whom the hunters trapped and thrashed with cudgels. His blood is used in some New Zealand incantations. The Red Indians, as Schoolcraft says, "hold many of the planets to be transformed adventurers." The Iowas "believed stars to be a sort of living creatures." One of them came down and talked to a hunter, and showed him where to find game. The Gallineros of central California, according to Mr. Bancroft, believe that the sun and moon were made and lighted up by the Hawk and the Coyote, who one day flew into each other's faces in the dark, and were determined to prevent such accidents in future. But the very oddest example of the survival of the notion that the stars are men or women, is found in the "*Par*" of Aristophanes. Trygæus in that comedy has just made an expedition to heaven. A slave meets him and asks him, "Is not the story true, then, that we become stars when we die?" The answer is "Certainly;" and Trygæus points out the star into which Ios of Chios has just been metamorphosed. Aristophanes is making fun of some popular Greek superstition. But that very superstition meets us in New Zealand. "Heroes," says Mr. Taylor, "were thought to become stars of greater or less brightness, according to the number of their victims slain in fight."

It would be easy to multiply examples of this stage of thought, and to show that star-stories existed on the banks of the Amazon as well as on the borders of the

* Brough Smyth, *Aborigines of Victoria*.

lake of Anahuac. But we have probably brought forward enough for our purpose, and have expressly chosen instances from the most widely separated peoples. These instances, it will perhaps be admitted, suggest, if they do not prove, that the Greeks had received from tradition precisely the same sort of legends about the heavenly bodies as are current among Esquimaux and Bushmen, New Zealanders and Iowas. As much, indeed, might be inferred from our own astronomical nomenclature. We now give to newly discovered stars names derived from distinguished people, as Georgium Sidus, or Herschel; or, again, merely technical appellatives, as Alpha, Beta, and the rest. We should never think when "some new planet swims into our ken" of calling it Kangaroo, or Rabbit, or after the name of some hero of romance, as Rob Roy, or Count Fosco. But the names of stars which we inherit from Greek mythology — the Bear, the Pleiads, Castor and Pollux, and so forth — are such as no people in our mental condition would originally think of bestowing. When Callimachus and the courtly astronomers of Alexandria pretended that the golden locks of Berenice were raised to the heavens, that was a mere piece of flattery constructed on the inherited model of legends about the crown (*Corona*) of Ariadne. It seems evident enough that the older Greek names of stars are derived from a time when the ancestors of the Greeks were in the mental and imaginative condition of Iowas, Kanekas, Bushmen, Murri, and New Zealanders. All these, and all other savage peoples, believe in a kind of equality and intercommunion among all things animate and inanimate. Stones are supposed in the Pacific Islands to be male and female and to propagate their species. Animals are believed to have human or super-human intelligence, and speech if they choose to exercise the gift. Stars are just on the same footing, and their movements are explained by the same ready system of universal anthropomorphism. Stars, fishes, gods, heroes, men, trees, clouds, and animals, all play their equal part in the confused dramas of savage thought and savage mythology. Even in practical life the change of a sorcerer into an animal is accepted as a familiar phenomenon, and the power of soaring among the stars is one on which the Australian biraark, or the Esquimaux *shaman*, most plumes himself. It is not wonderful that things which are held possible in daily practice should be frequent

features of mythology. Hence the ready invention and belief of star-legends, which in their turn fix the names of the heavenly bodies. Nothing more, except the extreme tenacity of tradition and the inconvenience of changing a widely accepted name, is needed to account for the human and animal names of the stars. The Greeks received from the dateless past of savage intellect the myths, and the names of the constellations, and we have taken them, without injury, from the Greeks. Thus it happens that our celestial globes are just as queer menageries as any globes could be that were illustrated by Australians or American Indians, by Bushmen or Peruvian aborigines, or Esquimaux. It was savages, we may be tolerably certain, who first handed to science the names of the constellations, and provided Greece with the raw material of her astronomical myths — as Bacon prettily says, that we listen to the harsh ideas of earlier peoples as they come to us "blown softly through the flutes of the Grecians." The first moment in astronomical science arrives when the savage, looking at a star, says, like the child in the nursery poem, "How I wonder what you are!" The next moment comes when the savage has made his first rough practical observations of the movements of the heavenly body. His next step is to explain these to himself. Now science cannot advance any but a fanciful explanation beyond the sphere of experience. The experience of the savage is limited to the narrow world of his tribe, and of the beasts, birds, and fishes of his district. His philosophy, therefore, accounts for all phenomena on the supposition that the laws of the animate nature he observes are working everywhere. But his observations, misguided by his crude magical superstitions, have led him to believe in a state of equality and kinship between men and animals, and even inorganic things. He often worships the very beasts he slays; he addresses them as if they understood him; he believes himself to be descended from the animals, and of their kindred. These confused ideas he applies to the stars, and recognizes in them men like himself, or beasts like those with which he conceives himself to be in such close human relations. There is scarcely a bird or beast but the Red Indian or the Australian will explain its peculiarities by a myth, like a page from Ovid's "Metamorphoses." It was once a man or a woman, and has been changed to bird or beast by a god or a magician. Men,

again, have originally been beasts, in his philosophy, and are descended from wolves, frogs or serpents, or monkeys. The heavenly bodies are traced to precisely the same sort of origin; and hence, we conclude, come their strange animal names, and the strange myths about them which appear in all ancient poetry. These names, in turn, have curiously affected human beliefs. Astrology is based on the opinion that a man's character and fate are determined by the stars under which he is born. And the nature of these stars is deduced from their names, so that the bear should have been found in the horoscope of Dr. Johnson. When Giordano Bruno wrote his satire against religion, the famous "*Spaccio della bestia trionfante*," he proposed to banish not only the gods but the beasts from heaven. He would call the stars not the Bear, or the Swan, or the Pleiads, but Truth, Mercy, Justice, and so forth, that men might be born, not under bestial, but moral influences. But the beasts have had too long possession of the stars to be easily dislodged, and the tenure of the Bear and the Swan will probably last as long as there is a science of astronomy. Their names are not likely again to delude a philosopher into the opinion of Aristotle that the stars are animated.

This argument had been worked out to the writer's satisfaction when he chanced to light on Mr. Max Müller's explanation of the name of the Great Bear. We have explained that name as only one out of countless similar appellations which men of every race give to the stars. These names, again, we have accounted for as the result of savage philosophy, which takes no great distinction between man and the things in the world, and looks on stars, beasts, birds, fishes, flowers, and trees as men and women in disguise. M. Müller's theory is based on philological considerations. He thinks that the name of the Great Bear is the result of a mistake as to the meaning of words. There was in Sanskrit, he says (Lectures on Language, pp. 359, 362), a root *ark*, or *arch*, meaning to be bright. The stars are called *riksha*, that is, bright ones, in the Veda. "The constellations here called the *Rikshas*, in the sense of 'the bright ones,' would be homonymous in Sanskrit with the Bears. Remember also that, apparently without rhyme or reason, the same constellation is called by Greeks and Romans the Bear. . . . There is not the shadow of a likeness with a bear. You will now perceive the influence of

words on thought, or the spontaneous growth of mythology. The name *Riksha* was applied to the bear in the sense of the bright, fuscous animal, and in that sense it became most popular in the later Sanskrit, and in Greek and Latin. The same name, 'in the sense of the bright ones,' had been applied by the Vedic poets to the stars in general, and more particularly to that constellation which in the northern parts of India was the most prominent. The etymological meaning, 'the bright stars,' was forgotten; the popular meaning of *Riksha* (bear) was known to every one. And thus it happened that, when the Greeks had left their central home and settled in Europe, they retained the name of *Arkto* for the same unchanging stars; but, not knowing why those stars had originally received that name, they ceased to speak of them as *arktoi*, or many bears, and spoke of them as the Bears."

This is a very good example of the philological way of explaining a myth. If once we admit that *ark*, or *arch*, in the sense of "bright" and of "bear," existed, not only in Sanskrit, but in the undivided Aryan tongue, and that the name *Riksha*, bear, "became in that sense most popular in Greek and Latin," this theory seems more than plausible. There is a difficulty, however, in finding *Riksha* either in Latin or Greek. But the explanation does not look so well if we examine, not only the Aryan, but all the known myths and names of the Bear and the other stars. Professor Sayce, a distinguished philologist, says we may not compare non-Aryan with Aryan myths. We have ventured to do so, however, in this paper, and have shown that the most widely severed races give the stars animal names, of which the Bear is one example. Now, if the philologists wish to persuade us that it was decaying and half-forgotten language which caused men to give the names of animals to the stars, they must prove their case on an immense collection of instances—on Iowa, Kanekn, Murri, Maori, Brazilian, Peruvian, Mexican, Egyptian, Esquimaux instances. Does the philological explanation account for the enormous majority of these phenomena? If it fails, we may at least doubt whether it solves the one isolated case of the Great Bear among the Greeks and Romans. It must be observed that the philological explanation of M. Müller does not clear up the Arcadian story of their own descent from a she-bear who is now a star. Yet similar stories of the

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descent of tribes from animals are so widespread, that it would be difficult to name the race, or the quarter of the globe, where they are not found. And these considerations appear to be a strong argument for comparing not only Aryan, but all attainable myths. We shall often find, if we take a wide view, that the philological explanation which seemed plausible in a single case, is hopelessly narrow when applied to a large collection of parallel cases in languages of various families.

A. L.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE LIFE OF RICHARD COBDEN BY JOHN MORLEY.*

COBDEN has exceeded the conditions under which alone the sage of old would consent to pronounce a man happy. He not only was happy, judged by any rational standard of happiness, up to the end of his life, but he has been happy after his death. To obtain such a biographer as Mr. Morley must be admitted to be a stroke of good fortune of no common kind. It is easy to conceive how, in the hands of many an able man, the book might have fallen short of the excellence which Mr. Morley has attained. A mere man of letters could hardly have sympathized with and understood the politician and platform orator as Mr. Morley has. On the other hand, a public man accustomed to work in the same sphere as Cobden was not so likely to do justice to the historical and sociological side of the subject; to say nothing of the broad and full literary presentation of so wide and complex a topic as the political and economic history of England for thirty eventful years. Above all, a life of Cobden could be adequately written only by a man animated by a social spirit as broad and generous as his own.

It is needless to say that this book is a great deal more than a biography. Beside the vivid portrait which occupies the canvas, is the discussion of principles, luminous *aperçus* on politics, parties, public men, trade, commerce, and war — not at all interfering with the central figure, but rather throwing it up in more visible relief. The union of the general with the particular is the test of a biographer's skill. It is not difficult to adhere with tameness to the story of your hero's for-

tones, never to allow him to leave the stage for a moment, and, in short, to give the reader so much of him that he soon has more than enough. Neither is it very difficult to forsake the chief personage altogether, to lose him in the general events of the times, and so produce a hybrid work, neither history nor biography, and inadequate to the requirements of each. But to show at once, with sufficient generality and sufficient detail, the scene and conditions in which the chief character is about to move and work — to paint him full length in minute touches, and yet always to maintain visible his relation to the whole, is a task very arduous indeed, and Mr. Morley has accomplished it with exceptional success.

There are more reasons than one why Mr. Morley was fitted to be the biographer of Cobden. Although he is as well known as a publicist as a man of letters, and latterly, at least (not perhaps without regret on the part of some), seems to be disposed to give more attention to politics than to literature, it should be noted that he is a literary man of a somewhat peculiar kind. Not many writers in our time have shown greater aptitudes for literature than he; yet he has ever seemed to us not quite content when dealing with literature pure and simple, but to be, as it were, resisting an attraction that was drawing him elsewhere. It is certain that he passes with a sort of alacrity from the consideration of literature as such, to the contemplation of it in its relations to society, and to the estimate of its value and energy in a given case as a social factor itself. In this attitude he seems always at home and at his ease. It was in this temper that he wrote his careful and elaborate studies of the great French writers of the eighteenth century, and in his "Miscellanies" the same vein is unmistakable. He is never satisfied with the merely literary side of a work of genius, but is ever anxious to trace its uprising to the conditions of the time, and to note its further reaction on them. When, therefore, he undertook to write the life of Cobden, there existed a pre-established harmony between the author and his subject of the happiest augury. Cobden could not have found a biographer more fitted to understand and appreciate him, and Mr. Morley could not easily meet with a character more suited to his own cast of mind and deeper sympathies. A politician and writer who made the furtherance of social ends the great object of his life was precisely the subject most

* Chapman and Hall, London.

calculated to arouse Mr. Morley to a glow of sober enthusiasm. And the result, as given in these volumes, corresponds to the rational anticipation. The book is, in many respects, an advance on Mr. Morley's previous productions. It is marked by great reserve and quietness of tone, sparing of ornament and image—sparing, above all, of eloquence. There is not a "purple passage" in all the two volumes. Those who bear in mind what the writer can achieve in this line will appreciate the sense of power which led him to this self-restraint. It is needless to say that the effect of the whole is infinitely raised, and conveys that moral impressiveness and weight to which no rhetoric, however brilliant, ever attains. The lofty and unselfish spirit of Cobden could not have been more becomingly commemorated.

It would be paying such a critic as Mr. Morley an ill compliment to tell him that his work was simple and absolute perfection. It is probable that for every defect a reviewer could point out he could point out ten. I confess that with every wish to write a well-balanced article comprising a judicious mixture of praise and blame I am unable to find ground for exception, except on two points:—

(1.) The tone of almost uniform asperity with which he speaks of the protectionists. Of course in the field of argument, and as a question of economics, their cause had not a word to say for itself. It may also be admitted that a very sinister class interest largely promoted their resistance to the repeal of the corn laws. We can see now, with perfect clearness, that the pretension to starve England in the interest of landowners was quite unendurable; and if the champions of free trade, when the battle was sore and not yet won, used strong language against their opponents, it is not to be wondered at. But the battle is won, and although there is as little romance about protection as about any cause that ever incurred or deserved defeat, it is only fair to remember how very differently the subject looked in the old days, before the great experiment was tried compared with what it looks now. We know how easily self-interest warps the judgment of even candid men, and classes are ever more unscrupulous than the individuals who compose them. It was the honest opinion of many who were not landowners that the repeal of the corn laws was a great leap in the dark, and would very probably ruin the country. As Mr. Morley tells us, the Chartists and

extreme Radicals were strongly opposed to Cobden and his friends, at least in the first instance. When we reflect by how easy an entrance the fallacies of protection find their way into the human mind, and that even at this hour there is hardly a country in the world where they are not more or less predominant, I think it would have been better to show the protectionists a little more leniency. The more so, as in reference to factory legislation, Mr. Morley has observed, to one side of the dispute, a neutrality not quite exempt, perhaps, from benevolence. Cobden's character of uniform uprightness saves him from any suspicion of class interest in his opposition to the Factory Act. But can we suppose that all manufacturers were as high-minded as he in this matter? Can we doubt that their keen perception of the evils, real or imaginary, involved in a restriction of the hours of labor, was sharpened by the dread of private loss caused by the diminished productiveness of machinery? Mr. Carlyle, writing at the time when the debate was still warm, gives the general impression of the non-manufacturing public:—

"What is to become of our cotton trade?" cried certain spinners, when the Factory Bill was proposed. "What is to become of our invaluable cotton trade?" The humanity of England answered steadfastly, "Deliver me these rickety, perishing souls of infants, and let your cotton trade take its chance. God himself commands the one thing: not God especially the other thing. We cannot have prosperous cotton trades at the expense of keeping the Devil a partner in them."

(2.) Cobden, in his early zeal for reform, fell into an error not uncommon with ardent spirits who allow one aspect of affairs to engross their minds. Impatient with Whig feebleness or insincerity in 1838, he became disgusted with the English Constitution, which he calls a "great juggle," and fell in love with the government of Prussia, "the mildest phase in which absolutism ever presented itself." Commenting on this passage (it only occurs in a private letter), Mr. Morley begins by admitting that it is open to serious criticism, and urges with justice that it is not right to press the phrases of a hasty letter of a traveller too closely. But alongside of these admissions he introduces remarks which are not far from adopting the expressions and sentiments he had just criticised:—

As for the contempt which the passage breathes for the English Constitution, it is easy to understand the disgust which a states-

man with the fervor of his prime upon him, and with an understanding at once too sincere and too strong to be satisfied with conventional shibboleths, might well feel alike for the hypocrisy and the shiftlessness of a system that behind the artfully painted mask of popular representation concealed the clumsy machinery of a rather dull plutocracy.

And in another passage he speaks of the "pretended" reform of Parliament in 1832. I cannot suppose that Mr. Morley, on second thoughts, would maintain the last expression. But even the former passage surprises me, coming from a thinker and writer of Mr. Morley's rank. The question is not whether the English Constitution has more or fewer exasperating defects, but whether, those defects being as great as you please, such a constitution as the English is not vastly preferable in practical good government to a bureaucratic absolutism like that of Prussia, even at its highest efficiency. The answer given by subsequent events in the two countries seems to be conclusive. Mr. Morley ascribes the miscarriage of German progress to certain "Prussian statesmen of a bad school" and "military violence;" and as regards the matter of fact, no one can doubt he is right. But how came the statesmen of a bad school to have such power, and why has military violence reached to such a pitch? Is it not precisely because Prussia lacked such a constitution as the English, which, with all its faults, has a faculty of recovery from dangerous errors of policy, of learning wisdom from disaster, which despotism, at least in modern times, has not? One would like to know what Cobden, who admired Prussia so much in 1838, would have thought of that government in 1881, with protection enforced as a sort of State religion, and the most monstrous development of the military spirit which the world has ever seen. Was the system which saved us from this, and in lieu thereof gave us Cobden and the League, a system solely of hypocrisy, shiftlessness, and painted masks? What sort of career would a Prussian Cobden have had? We need hardly pause for a reply.

It is impossible after having read this book not to feel that one has made a personal acquaintance with Cobden. Mr. Morley has collected a number of anecdotes from friends and relatives of the deceased statesman which give not only a vivid, but a highly pleasing notion of him as a man. It is difficult to decide whether he was more remarkable for the vigor and

independence of his intellect or the simplicity, uprightness, and entire unselfishness of his character. Of vanity there is not a trace, yet he had pride enough to give him dignity and to command respect, but he was never led into arrogance. Considering the tendency of self-made men to exaggerate their own importance, Cobden's genuine modesty must have been very great. The charm of his manner is well illustrated by the following story:—

Cobden once had an interview with Rowland Hill some time in 1838, and gave evidence in favor of the proposed reform in the postage. Rowland Hill in writing to him afterwards excuses himself for troubling Cobden with his private affairs. "Your conversation, evidence, and letters have created a feeling in my mind so like that which one entertains towards an old friend that I am apt to forget that I have met you but once."

Few things are more winning than a sober and rational enthusiasm for a practical object, of manifest public advantage; it gives a man spontaneity, frankness, and warmth, while it necessarily excludes the repellent qualities, self-consciousness and hauteur. And Cobden always seems to have been provided with an enthusiasm of this kind. Yet his prudence was equal to his zeal. He was careful not to encumber himself with too many schemes at once, and thus always avoided the reproach of being a crotchety-monger. He aimed also at objects which there was a fair prospect of attaining, and refused to put himself out of court by advocating causes which could have no hope of success. "Strong enthusiasm in him was no hindrance to strong sense." Mr. Morley says that he has asked scores of persons who knew him, Conservatives as well as Liberals, what the secret was of his influence and success as an orator, and they all agreed in using the word *persuasiveness* as Cobden's most marked characteristic. His power of *extempore* argument was wonderful; simple, lucid, cogent, full of facts, he was never dry nor abstract, nor over terse; while all he said was carried home, to use Mr. Bright's words, by "the absolute truth that shone in his eye and in his countenance."

Nothing shows the vigor of Cobden's intellect more than the facility with which he mastered and accomplished all that he undertook. He never had to wait long for success in anything to which he laid his hand. Equipped with only a "mockery of education," in a Dotheboys' Hall of the period, he had such a predisposi-

tion for culture that he never seemed to be hampered by the want of it; he made up for deficiencies as he went along. His admirable temper and sweetness of nature no doubt made paths smooth to him which would have been rough to others. At the threshold of life he overcame an obstacle which would have been fatal to many. His maternal aunt and uncle had paid for his schooling, and subsequently he was taken as a clerk in the warehouse of the latter. But the benefactors, as so often happens in such cases, "expected servility instead of gratitude, and inflicted rather than bestowed their bounties." They especially disapproved of his thirst for knowledge, and of his studying French in the early morning hours in his bedroom. A more irritating position to an ardent mind could hardly be conceived; one of the best impulses of human nature, the desire for improvement, might seem to counsel breaking away from it. Not so Cobden. In a short time he was on excellent terms with his relatives, and had made himself so useful, that he was promoted to the dignity of traveller for the house. At twenty-four years of age he set up with two friends in a commission business of his own. In two years he had so prospered that he was able to start a factory for calico-printing on his own account. The new firm thrived to admiration so long as he gave his attention to it. At thirty-one he began authorship, and at once, says Mr. Morley, stepped forth "the master of a written style which for boldness, freedom, correctness, and persuasive moderation, was not surpassed by any man then living." His success as a popular orator hardly needs to be referred to; it is the side of his career which is the most vividly remembered by the general public. In Parliament he soon became one of the most formidable debaters. Later in life he turned diplomatist, and conducted the delicate and difficult discussion of the Commercial Treaty with France with a tact and skill worthy of a veteran negotiator.

But able men, energetic in pushing their own fortunes, are no rarity in England. Neither is versatility of talent and resource by which the fortress of wealth and fame may be captured at all unknown among us. "Toughness in climbing the greasy pole," as Mr. Carlyle phrases it, can be had with or without asking. It is Cobden's peculiarity that he ignored or slighted personal ends to an exceptional, perhaps to an excessive

degree. He had "a call" of another kind as authentic and imperative as ever carried a mystic pietist into the painful paths of self-mortification and prayer. These volumes abound with passages from his private letters which show his entire disinterestedness and sincere humility of spirit. No sooner had he conquered his position as a manufacturer, and saw the road open before him to indefinite wealth, than he ceased to take interest in making money, for which he said, with a truthfulness only too sadly confirmed by latter events, that he felt a "disregard for it, and a slovenly inattention to its possession that was quite dangerous." But men can be careless of money who are avaricious of fame, influence, and power. Cobden was indifferent to them all, except as a means to carry out plans for the common good. At a memorable crisis in his life, he did not hesitate to risk, and even sacrifice his popularity, by boldly opposing the dominant passion of the hour. This master of agitation and platform oratory had not a tinge of the demagogue in him. He was never intoxicated either by the flatteries of the great or the applause of the multitude. As soon as he had obtained the repeal of the corn laws, he wished for nothing so much as to retire into private life, to which he said his health, the state of his business, and *his own mental capacity* alike directed him. He always insisted that it was accident as much as any merit of his own that had "forced him upwards." He deprecated the public testimonial intended to repair the loss he had incurred by attending to public affairs to the neglect of his own, because there were others who had as good claims upon public consideration as himself. "I have often been pained," he adds, "to see that my fame, both in England and on the Continent, has eclipsed that of my worthy fellow-laborers." He does not suppress or curb, he ignores the promptings of vanity. He would not speak in the House of Commons except when he could benefit the great end for which he strove. On one occasion he writes: "I did not speak, simply for the reason that I was afraid that I should have given more life to the debate, and afford an excuse for another adjournment."

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The Turks, on the other hand, have no power of regeneration in themselves, and unless foreign aid prevent it, they must fall to pieces in less than twenty years. These opinions were formed and written down in the year 1836, and it was almost exactly twenty years afterwards that England and France did undertake by their foreign aid to prevent the natural process, which Cobden had predicted, from taking place.

These travels, coupled with the instruction which a vigorous mind always derives from the business of daily life, were Cobden's real education; what he got at school counts for nothing or less. The question occurs, How far was his efficiency helped or hindered by the want of a classical education? Mr. Morley,

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who has not read Thucydides has failed to make acquaintance with a master of political thought and a source of high culture. But what *useful* information does Thucydides convey to an Englishman or an American on the present needs of the world? These Cobden, like the wise man he was, studied in the country of Thucydides, not in his book.

As a matter of fact no one was less disposed than Cobden to undervalue knowledge which he did not happen to possess himself. It is somewhat touching to find him in the midst of his early business cares writing to his brother:—

Might we not in the winter instruct ourselves a little in mathematics? I have a great disposition, too, to know a little Latin. And six months would suffice if I had a few books. Can you trust your perseverance to stick to them?

It does not appear whether the proposal was ever carried out; and certainly it was only a very little Latin which, even by Cobden's energy, could be mastered in six months. But what a different temper is here manifested from the surly contempt of all knowledge beyond their own groove frequently shown by half-educated, or, for the matter of that, by wholly educated men, as the word is commonly applied? In spite of all that has been said above, and maintaining it in its special bearing, one cannot but regret that to such a vivid, fertile mind the treasure-house of knowledge had not been unlocked in early youth, and its rich stores freely confided. One feels that it must have improved him, though it is difficult to point out in what particular way. As Cobden desired enlarged education for himself, so he desired to impart it to others. His first participation in public matters outside his own business was in connection with the building of "a little stone schoolhouse" at Sabden. His earliest speeches, says Mr. Morley,

were made at Clitheroe on behalf of the education of the young. And one of his earliest letters is a note making arrangements for the exhibition at Sabden of twenty school-children from an infant school at Manchester, by way of example and incentive to more backward regions.

Here was the real sphere of Cobden's work—practical reform, amelioration of those conditions of social life on which progress and public happiness depend. The end—progress—may be furthered in two ways: the creation of new institutions suitable to the growing needs of

the new time, or the destruction of old barriers or obstacles in the path of advancement. The little schoolhouse at Sabden belonged to the first, the agitation against the corn laws belonged to the second method, with which Cobden's name will ever be permanently associated.

He had already become prominent as a local politician before the League was started. Besides his constant vigilance in the cause of education he had taken an active share in the struggle for the incorporation of Manchester, and was one of the first aldermen chosen by the new borough. But he was soon to be removed to a wider scene. The great movement which was destined to give his name a lasting place in the history of England and the economic progress of the world was rapidly approaching. In August, 1838, the price of wheat had risen to seventy-seven shillings a quarter, and a bad harvest was in prospect. A cry for untaxed bread went up from the manufacturing districts, and Cobden heard it as a trumpet-call to battle. Without exultation as without misgiving, he entered the contest, resolved that this piece of work should be carried through, if courage, energy, and skill could achieve it. In October, 1838, the memorable Anti-Corn-Law Association was formed at Manchester, of which he soon became the main-spring. For the next seven years his life was passed in the centre of an agitation which for intensity and volume never had an equal in England. The portrait which Mr. Morley has drawn of Cobden at this period—riding the storm of agitation and mainly directing it; never losing his head in the tumult; courageous to audacity, yet cautious in the extreme; enthusiastic yet full of patience; sternly resolute yet abounding in good humor—will not easily find its match in English biographical literature. It is not only a brilliant narrative full of life, color, and interest. Mr. Morley has not been content to be a mere literary artist, satisfied with the effect of an attractive or even powerful picture. He throws behind his picture a background of political philosophy and review of economic science as it passed into legislation before Cobden's time. With the masterly brevity one might expect from the author of "Diderot and the Encyclopedists," he sketches the rise of "great human ideas" in the eighteenth century in France and England; then interposes a short but pregnant chapter on the history of the corn laws in this country, from Huskisson's legislation in

1823-25 to Sir R. Peel's ministry in 1841. He shows how the former had reduced the tariff of duties on almost every article of foreign manufacture, and how a "Cabinet" which had radically modified a host of restrictive laws was logically and politically bound to deal with the most important of them all — that which restrains the importation of food; and how also at this point reformers were met by "one mighty and imperious interest which, as the Parliamentary system was then disposed, even Canning's courage shrank from offending." Then follows a discussion of the various corn bills brought in — of the sliding scale, of a fixed duty, so that the reader enters upon the story of the great agitation with the knowledge requisite to appreciate it in all its bearings.

Any detailed accounts of the memorable events which followed the foundation of the League and Cobden's election for Stockport would be out of place, or rather impossible, within the limits of a review of this nature. Mr. Morley is not one of those writers who can be compendiously condensed. Readers must turn to the book itself for his history of the agitation against the corn laws. Two points only of manageable compass can be referred to here. First, the scornful sense of strength and security with which the protectionists at the outset surveyed their antagonists. Even partial well-wishers to the cause of free trade regarded the enterprise of its advocates as hopeless. "You will overturn the monarchy as soon as you will accomplish that," said a nobleman whom some Leaguers had come up to London to consult. Hard-headed men like Sir James Graham held the most extraordinary language, for which "sentimental nonsense" is a mild epithet. He pretended to fear, perhaps did fear, that the repeal of the corn laws "would lead to a great migration from the loveliness of the country to the noisy alley and the sad sound of the factory bell." "Tell me not," he said, "of the cruelties of the conveyance of the Poles to the wintry wastes of Siberia; talk not to me of the transportation of the hill coolies from Coromandel to the Mauritius; a change is contemplated by some members of this House far more cruel, far more heartrending, in the bosom of our native land." The cruelty of feeding the hungry was never more pompously described. The Tory press surpassed itself in virulence and scurrility, and told the manufacturers to take themselves and their goods to Tobolsk or

Timbuctoo, and begged never to see them more. It is indeed quite surprising to find that the upper and ruling classes of what Napoleon had called forty years before the shop-keeping nation had so little appreciation of the value of the shop, that "the chief newspaper of the country party boldly declared that England would be as great and powerful, and all useful Englishmen would be as rich as they were, though all the manufacturing houses should be engulfed in ruin." It is only another proof of the often observed fact that national pride and arrogance are feeble passions compared to class pride and arrogance. The uprise of *nouvelles couches sociales* to equality and influence has ever been resented by the older monopolists of power as an indignity not to be endured. From the days of Theognis in Greece to the recent government of *l'état moral* in France, it is one of the broadest facts scattered over history. The propagation of free-trade principles was very often no sinecure. The lecturers whom the League sent out to preach the new doctrine were by no means always ill-received; in some places they were received with favor; but in others they were fortunate when they escaped the horse-pond. But union, tenacity, and devotion in the end carried the day, and the frowning fortress of protection capitulated, as we all know, after a seven years' siege.

Not the least extraordinary circumstance connected with the agitation was the condition of Cobden's private affairs during all the latter period of it, and his own behavior with respect to them. For three years before the final triumph in 1846 he was being quietly, but certainly, ruined, and he knew it, but was able to do nothing to prevent it. His incessant attention to public business left him no time to attend to his own; and the near relative who was in nominal charge was unequal to the task. Occupied in Parliament while the House was sitting, as soon as it rose he was carried off to animate and direct the operations of the League. He and Mr. Bright, were as Mr. Morley says, "ubiquitous: to-day at Manchester, to-morrow at Lincoln, this week at Salisbury, the next in Haddingtonshire." Cobden writes in June, 1844: "I am nearly overdone with work, two meetings at Aberdeen on Monday, up at four on Tuesday, travelled thirty-five miles, held a meeting at Montrose, and then thirty-five miles more to Dundee for a meeting the same evening." As if this kind of

work was not sufficient to tax his energies, his brother at Manchester was constantly writing him the most dismal letters about the state of the business. The leisure he was always hoping for, to be able to attend to his own affairs, never came; till at last in the spring of 1845 the crisis had to be faced. At this point Mr. Morley's narrative is extremely interesting:—

A friend of Cobden's, who was engaged in the same business, has told me how he received a message one afternoon in the winter before this, that Cobden wished to see him. He went over to the office in Mosley Street, and found him on the edge of doubt, sitting with his feet on the fender, looking gloomily into the languishing fire. He was evidently in great misery. Cobden had sent for him to seek his advice how to extricate himself from the difficulties in which his business had become involved. They summoned a second friend to their sombre counsels. There was no doubt either of the seriousness of the position, or of the causes to which it was due. His business, they told him, wanted a head. If he persisted in his present course, nothing on earth could keep him from ruin. He must retire from public life, and must retire from it without loss of a day. Cobden struggled desperately against the sentence. The battle he said was so momentous, and perhaps so nearly won.

Surely a touching picture of a scene as truly heroic as ever was put on canvas. Not long afterwards Mr. Bright, with the aid of one or two friends, was able to relieve him from his most pressing embarrassments, which the national testimonial soon wholly removed, at least for a time. Cobden's resolution in the face of such troubles would be hardly comprehensible unless we knew another trait of his character which Mr. Morley has preserved for us. At the conclusion of the conference at the office in Mosley Street just described,

One of his counsellors asked him how he could either work or rest with a black load like this upon his mind. "Oh," said Cobden, "when I am about public affairs I never think of it: it does not touch me: I am asleep the moment my head is on the pillow!"

Cobden remained for nearly twenty years a prominent figure in politics after the repeal of the corn laws, but he never played so active a part again as a leader of great masses of his countrymen. Indeed his latter years have been sometimes spoken of by superficial observers as a period of comparative failure. Perhaps the truth is that he rendered greater ser-

vice to his country when he was out of favor with the multitude, than when he was the idol of the populace and crowded assemblies hung upon his lips. No part of Mr. Morley's work is more valuable than the first six chapters of his second volume, in which he expounds the *rationale* of Cobden's public action during the greater part of Lord Palmerston's reign. He shows that Cobden had a consistent scheme, well thought out, of public policy, when he resisted foreign loans, intervention in Continental quarrels, and war, especially the Crimean war. Foreign loans to belligerent governments he said were doubly injurious to the nation which furnished them. First of all they sent capital out of the country for the sole purpose of its being destroyed or sunk in war establishments; capital which would otherwise have been employed on productive consumption at home. Secondly, the war establishments thus supported by our own money necessitate corresponding establishments on our part. To war, he objected not on the Quaker or sentimental principle of the sin of shedding blood, but on the simple, economic ground that it leads to the destruction of capital on which the laboring classes live, and with which they produce new wealth. As population increases and society becomes more democratic, this waste of capital develops into a grave social peril. Mr. Morley with great appositeness cites the instance of Germany—the country which Cobden once so much admired—as proving "how with modern populations the destruction of capital in military enterprises breeds socialism." As regards non-intervention laid down as a universal rule without qualification or limit, Mr. Morley cannot see his way to complete agreement with Cobden, who evidently stated too absolutely a principle highly valuable in itself, and nine times out of ten likely to admit of practical application, but which cannot be erected into a general prohibition to interfere in foreign politics even with arms. As Mr. Morley says, "It can only be a question of expediency and prudence."

With reference to the Crimean war, for their opposition to which Mr. Bright and Cobden were denounced as traitors, burnt in effigy, and refused a hearing at public meetings, Mr. Morley is justified in saying that events have done something "to convince people that the two chiefs of the Manchester school saw much further ahead in 1854-55 than men who had passed all their lives in foreign chancery."

ier and the purlieus of Downing Street."

As regards the particular case, intervention in favor of the Turk, we may hope that the lesson has been fairly taken to heart. But how far can we trust that it will be remembered in at present unforeseen cases? Cobden, who was constitutionally sanguine, seemed to expect that if he had proved war to be injurious to national and private interests, it would spontaneously cease. "To take away the motive of self-interest is, after all, the nearest way to influence the conduct of wicked human nature," he said. He forgot that self-interest is only one passion among many, and very often by no means the strongest. Pride, pugnacity, and the love of power are much more imperious passions when they are once roused, as in the present backward state of the human mind (as Mr. Mill used to say) they too easily can be, either by events or unscrupulous rulers. The problem is complicated by the fact that war, evil as it is in its social effects, is frequently the nursery of the most attractive virtues in individuals. The popularity of great soldiers with mankind generally, and with woman-kind universally, is a fact which the advocates of peace may regret, but which they cannot deny. Cobden did not deny it after he witnessed the "frenzy of admiration" with which the Duke of Wellington was welcomed at the great Exhibition in 1851. Since Cobden's death the war spirit has risen to a height and truculence in Europe the like of which he was spared the pain of ever seeing; so that at last we are reduced to hoping that the intensity of the evil may work its own cure. The result of experience is that the passion for war cannot with much success (to use a military simile) be attacked in front; it must be *turned*. Not only enlightenment of the mind, but education of the feelings—a broad and deep advance in general morality—are needed to save mankind from this self-inflicted scourge. That war will one day among the civilized portion of mankind come to an end, no one without impiety can doubt. But it will end in consequence of a slow and secular evolution, comparable in its silent progress to the great processes of geologic change which raise and depress the bed of the ocean. In the mean time let no one rashly conclude that the protests are thrown away of brave men like Cobden, who, with a courage of a finer temper than that which leads men to the assault of a battery, faced obloquy and popular anger in the cause of peace.

Twice since the Crimean expedition we have narrowly escaped war—with the United States in 1861, with Russia in 1876-77. We can hardly doubt that Cobden's doctrine and example contributed an appreciable factor to the happy result.

The strange fact, and as sad as it is strange, is that Cobden himself was largely the indirect cause of that recrudescence of the war spirit and general popularity of Tory principles which marked this period of our history. The years which immediately followed the repeal of the corn laws were the years of the greatest commercial and industrial prosperity which the country had ever known. The *nouveaux riches* became Tories out of a mean ambition to assimilate themselves to good society, and a general temper of conceit and arrogance animated the middle class which was puffed up by its ever-growing wealth. Painful as such a fact must have been to him, it is clear that Cobden, with that sincerity of vision which he never lacked, perceived and noted it. Writing on the defeat of Mr. Bright at Manchester, he says:—

The secret of such a display of snobbishness and ingratitude is in the great prosperity which Lancashire enjoys, and for which it is mainly indebted to Bright, and the result has been to make a large increase in the number of Tories. . . . This will go on in the north of England so long as our exports continue to increase at their present rate, and in the natural course of things more Tories will be returned.

The free traders, by enormously increasing the wealth of the country, had cut the ground from under their own feet. The Tory discomfiture in 1846 had led to the triumph of Tory principles in 1854-57. *Sic vos non vobis*.

It is impossible to look back on this well-filled life, devoted to the furtherance of social improvement and general well-being, without being struck by the great silent change which has come over the world with regard to the careers open to higher natures in the present age, as compared with their opportunities in a no very distant past. During the greater part of historical time, there was little room or opening for the reformer. The rebel, especially the religious rebel, was the occasional and violent instrument of innovation, while here and there a wise despot lent his hand to such beneficial change as his own interest seemed to dictate. To the mass of men, not reform, but resignation, was the doctrine inculcated equally by religion and common sense. When change for the better is

manifestly hopeless by any means at the disposal of the private citizen, when revolt has failed, or been quenched in blood, outward efforts to improve the world are abandoned by strenuous minds for that inward culture of spirit which promises peace in the chamber of the heart. When political evil seems as incurable as natural evil, men submit with sullenness or sweetness, according to their type of character, but submission, resignation, *Entsagen* becomes the accepted doctrine, and has besides special attractions to the loftier minds. Hence saints and high moralists, whether Christian or stoic, have generally been markedly wanting in public spirit. "Reform thyself" is their motto. "Leave the reformation of the world to others, or to God." Epictetus, Thomas à Kempis, and Emerson agree in this teaching. It is easy to see, indeed, how concentration of the mind on spiritual growth necessarily predisposes it to neglect or indifference to all outward accidents, political conditions not excepted. Goethe did not allow the disasters of the French invasion to interfere with his self-culture; and Wilberforce, although he had been a vigorous reformer in the matter of the slave trade, declared "his greatest cause of difference with the democrats, was their laying, and causing people to lay, so great a stress on the concerns of this world as to occupy their whole minds and hearts, and to leave a few scanty and lukewarm thoughts for the heavenly treasure." It can hardly be denied that there is a bias towards conservatism in men whose natures are essentially moral. Sir Thomas More, Dr. Johnson, Southey, are instances of this rule, which is general, though by no means universal. On the other hand, it would scarcely be unfair to say that reformers as a body, and as represented by their chief men, have been more distinguished by public spirit than private virtue. Take Mirabeau, Fox, Byron, as not inequitable instances. Of course it occasionally happens that reform is so imperative that to further it appears in the light of a duty to the most religious and humble minds, of which temper Cromwell and Hampden are the most illustrious types.

Again it is a fact, which we may regret, but which we cannot dispute, that minds more distinguished by delicacy than strength are at once repelled by, and unfitted for, the rough conditions of public life. And no form of public life is so rough as that of the sincere reformer of abuses. M. Renan makes a fine remark

when discarding with decision Gerson's title to be considered the author of the "Imitation." He says:—

Il y a d'ailleurs un étrange contraste entre le rude scholastique dont la vie fut remplie par tant de combats, et le pacifique dégouté qui écrivit ces pages pleines de suavité et de naïf abandon. Un homme mêlé à toutes les luttes de son temps n'eût jamais su trouver des tons aussi fins et aussi pénétrants. L'homme politique conserve jusque dans la retraite ses habitudes d'activité inquiète; il est une certaine délicatesse de conscience que les affaires ternissent irrévocablement, et on trouverait à peine, au moins dans le passé, une œuvre distinguée par le sentiment moral, qui soit le fruit des loisirs d'un homme d'état.

It is not only to evangelical religion that men of taste have an aversion. Artistic natures rarely care for politics, or understand them. And their feeling is rather one of hostility than indifference to the tumult and the noise which are rarely absent from popular reforms; they thus add another contingent to the conservative classes.

The bearing of these remarks on the subject before us is not difficult to see. Cobden's success and fame as an agitator and reformer have been so great that many persons who judge only by the external result might be tempted to infer that he was pre-eminently adapted both by taste and disposition for the career he selected. The evidence in these volumes is opposed to such an inference. Cobden always protested that the bustle and excitement of public meetings, and all the operose machinery connected with agitation were distasteful to him, and only undergone for the sake of the great end in view.

In the last year of his life [writes Mr. Morley], as he and Mrs. Cobden were coming up to London from their home in the country, Mrs. Cobden said to him, "I sometimes think that, after all the good work that you have done, and in spite of fame and great position, it would have been better for us both if after you and I married we had gone to settle in the backwoods of Canada." And Cobden could only say, after looking for a moment or two with a gaze of mournful preoccupation through the window of the carriage, that he was not sure that what she said was not true.

We may surmise that he caught a glimpse of Renan's reflection that the practice of affairs is apt to tarnish the inner brightness of the soul, though the regret, precisely because of the good work he had done, could hardly be more than transitory. How, then, it may be

asked, did Cobden become an agitator and reformer if he had an inherent dislike to the conditions which the career necessarily involved? The answer is that the new time has brought with it the perception and obligation of new duties, which men of courage and generosity will not neglect in obedience to private inclination. It is now possible to serve one's country in other capacities than that of the soldier or even the lawgiver. A man endued with adequate ability and social spirit may, we see, make the most serious contribution to the moral and material well-being of his fellow countrymen. If his motives are pure and unselfish, he may not only live down obloquy, but attain to as good a conscience as any recluse occupied in chastening himself by self-mortification and prayer. Public life and a career of agitation, even in a noble cause, may be harmful to certain spiritual graces, just as hard work can seldom beautify the hands. But reckoning these drawbacks at their highest, they will hardly be found to be more disfiguring than those produced by fastidious and effeminate self-culture pursued in a selfish and unsocial temper. Cobden approached the agitation against the corn laws, to use his own words, in a "moral and even religious spirit," and Mr. Bright has borne witness that his friend's life was "a life of perpetual self-sacrifice." If to live for others is the essence of religion, it must be admitted that Cobden's life was religious. The circumstances of his age enabled, or rather forced, him to be a reformer, to strive for measures and principles which help to alleviate the lot of the poor, to give them better food, better education, better ideals of national greatness. Had he lived in the fifth century amid the falling ruins of the Roman Empire, we may be sure he would have had no such thoughts or objects. His thoughts then would have turned with St. Augustine to "the City of God," of which he would have striven to become a citizen with as much zeal and singleness of heart as in the nineteenth century and in England he strove for untaxed bread and the suppression of war.

It is ardently to be wished that the hope to which Mr. Bright gave expression at the recent commemoration of his birthday may soon be realized, that this wise and instructive book will soon be published in a cheaper form, so as to make it accessible to a wide class of readers. Few works have appeared in this generation animated by so lofty a tone of

morality and duty. It is a real continuation of Cobden's own work; his spirit breathes from it afresh. Every young man who aspires to be a worthy patriotic citizen should read it. It may be regarded as a manual of public spirit.

JAS. COTTER MORISON.

From The Times of January 11 and 13.
THE PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS IN
RUSSIA.

THE following account of the events of 1881 with regard to the Russian Jews, compiled from the best available sources of information, has been furnished to us by a correspondent:—

It is time that the English public should become aware of the character and extent of the persecutions which the Jews of Russia have undergone during the past year. The Warsaw riots have come merely as the last term (as yet) of a series of similar outbreaks which have ravaged the south and west of Russia to an extent of which people outside that country have not the faintest conception. The news which has crossed the borders has been of the most meagre description, chiefly in the form of telegrams announcing that anti-Jewish riots had occurred in such and such a place. Coming at various intervals, they have altogether failed to strike the imagination, and it is due solely to this cause that the public opinion of England, so ready to undertake the cause of suffering humanity, has not given vigorous expression to its feelings of abhorrence. During the past eight months a tract of country, equal in area to the British Isles and France combined, stretching from the Baltic to the Black Sea, has been the scene of horrors that have hitherto only been perpetrated in mediæval days during times of war. Men ruthlessly murdered, tender infants dashed to death, or roasted alive in their own homes, married women the prey of a brutal lust that has often caused their death, and young girls violated in the sight of their relatives by soldiers who should have been the guardians of their honor—these have been the deeds with which the population of southern Russia has been stained since last April. In the face of these horrors loss of property is of little moment, yet they have been accompanied by the razing of whole streets inhabited by Jews, by the systematic firing of the Jewish quarters

of towns in western Russia, and by the pillage of all the property on which thousands of Jewish families were dependent for existence.

In addition to all this, many Russian towns have heartlessly seized the occasion to expel from their limits crowds of Jews, who have been left by this inhuman and deliberate measure homeless amid masses infuriated against them. And during these scenes of carnage and pillage the local authorities have stood by with folded arms, doing little or nothing to prevent their occurrence and recurrence, and allowing the ignorant peasantry to remain up to this day under the impression that a ukase existed ordering the property of the Jews to be handed over to their fellow-Russians. So far from publicly expressing reprobation of these outrages, the minister has issued a rescript clearly betraying that the Russian authorities fully share the prejudice of the mob, and contemplate adding to the burdens and inequalities which have been the direct cause of the embittered feeling that has led to these disorders.

Ever since the German anti-Semites had raised an outcry against their Jewish fellow-citizens, it had been feared that the movement would spread to Russia, and there take a form more adapted to the less civilized state of the country. When, therefore, the assassination of the czar on March 3 of last year had roused all Russia to the highest pitch of excitement, it was confidently predicted that the approaching Easter would see an outbreak against the Jews. It was said afterwards that the prediction was aided in its fulfilment by Panslavist emissaries from Moscow, who planned all the subsequent troubles. It is at least certain that rumors of a rising had reached Elizabethgrad, and caused the heads of the Jewish community, who form a third of its thirty-thousand inhabitants, to apply for special protection from the governor. No notice was taken of the appeal, and on Wednesday, April 27, the dreaded outbreak took place. A religious dispute in a *cabaret* led to a scuffle which grew into a general *mélée*, till the mob obtained possession of the dram-shop and rifled it of its contents. Inflamed by the drink thus obtained, the rioters proceeded to the Jewish quarter, and commenced a systematic destruction of the Jewish shops and warehouses. At first some attempt was made by the Jews to protect their property; but this only served to increase the violence of the mob, which proceeded to attack the dwell-

ings of the Jews and to wreck the synagogues. Amid the horrors that ensued a Jew named Zolowenski lost his life, and no fewer than thirty Jewesses were outraged. At one place, two young girls, in dread of violation, threw themselves from the windows. Meanwhile the military had been called out, but only to act at first as spectators and afterwards as active participators. One section of the mob, formed of rioters and soldiers, broke into the dwelling of an old man named Pelikoff, and on his attempting to save his daughter from a fate worse than death, they threw him down from the roof, while twenty soldiers proceeded to work their will on his unfortunate daughter. When seen by the correspondent who narrates this fact, Pelikoff was in a state of hopeless madness, and his daughter completely ruined in mind and body. The whole Jewish quarter was at the mercy of the mob till April 29. During the two days of the riots, five hundred houses and one hundred shops were destroyed, whole streets being razed to the ground. It may be added that the property destroyed and stolen was reckoned at two million roubles.

The evidence of pent-up anti-Jewish passion displayed by those scenes encouraged the foes of the Jews to wider and more systematic attacks. In the excesses that followed, the masses soon got to recognize professional ringleaders from Great Russia. These distributed placards, found afterwards to have been issued from a secret printing-press at Kieff, in which it was declared that the czar had given his orthodox subjects the property held by the Jews. In most cases the very day on which a riot might be expected was announced beforehand, Sundays and saints' days being chosen, as the days when the lower orders were at liberty. After a week's pause, a whole series of riots broke out, commencing on May 7, at Smiolo, near Czergassy, where thirteen men were killed and twenty wounded, and sixteen hundred were left without homes. Next day, Sunday, May 8, a most serious riot broke out at Kieff, once the capital of Russia, and still an important town, containing twenty thousand Jews in a population of one hundred and forty thousand. Here the riot had been definitely announced for the Sunday, and the Jews sent a deputation to the governor, requesting him to call out his soldiers to prevent disturbance. He bluntly refused, saying that he would not trouble his soldiers for the sake of a pack of Jews.

During the riot, which broke out on the day fixed, the police and the soldiers again acted the same part that they had at Elizabethgrad. The first procedure of the mob had been to storm the dram-shops, and, staving in the brandy-casks, to wallow in the spirit. During the period of license that followed four Jews were killed, twenty-five women and girls were violated, of whom five died in consequence, as was proved at the subsequent trials. At the house of Mordecai Wienarski, the mob, disappointed in the search for plunder, caught up his little child, three years old, and brutally threw it out of the window. The child fell dead at the feet of a company of Cossacks who were drawn up outside, yet no attempt was made to arrest the murderers. At last, when several houses were set on fire, the military received orders to make arrests, which they proceeded to execute with much vigor, making fifteen hundred prisoners, among whom one hundred and fifty were Jews arrested for protecting their lives and properties. No less than two thousand Jews were left without shelter by the dismantling or the burning of their houses, and for the relief of immediate necessities a Kieff committee soon afterwards had to disburse the sum of £30,000.

Next day similar scenes of violence occurred at Browary, in the neighborhood of Kieff, in the province of Czernigow. On the same day still more disgraceful deeds were enacted at Berezowka, in the province of Cherson. Here lust seemed more a principal motive than plunder. While the Jews of the village were at synagogue a mob attacked the Jewesses and violated many of them, causing the death of three; others who escaped the worse evil were driven into the river, and nine ultimately died from the effects of the exposure. When the Jews came to the rescue, two of them were killed and a young lad stoned to death.

The neighborhood of Kieff was again visited on the next day, May 10, at Konotop and at Wassilkov. At both places the attacks had been planned; at the former, wooden crosses were placed before the doors of Christians that their houses might be spared, while at the latter the day of riot had been announced, and the report diligently spread about that the czar had given the property of the Jews away. At Wassilkov and in the neighborhood eight lives were lost, seven at one fell swoop at the inn kept by a Jew named Rykelmann. He was forced to

admit the mob to his wine-cellars, and, during his absence in search of assistance, the drunken rioters cut the throats of his wife and six children.

By this time the chief towns and villages of southern Russia were ablaze with violence and riot. Throughout the whole of the provinces of Cherson, Taurida, Ekaterinoslav, Poltava, Kieff, Czernigov, and Podolia the notion spread fast as wildfire that the Jews and their property had been handed over to the tender mercies of the populace, a notion that seems almost justified in the face of the inertness of the governor-general in checking the riots at Elizabethgrad and Kieff. At Wasilgin the mayor even read a copy of the supposed ukase to the citizens, and a riot would have ensued had not the village priest done his duty and declared his belief that no such ukase existed. At Alexandrovsk, on the banks of the Dnieper, the operatives carried out what they thought to be the will of the czar, on May 13, rendering three hundred out of the four hundred Jewish families of the place homeless, and destroying property to the amount of four hundred thousand roubles. As usual, the riots were previously announced, and the appeal to the governor to send for additional troops proved fruitless. Even after the riots had commenced, a telegram despatched to the capital town of the province, Ekaterinoslav, was delayed for four hours by the governor before it was sent off. At Ekaterinoslav itself a projected riot was happily prevented, by the issue of a proclamation by the local authorities declaring the Jews to be true subjects of the czar, and entitled to protection of their property. At Polonnoze, near Kieff, a disaster was averted by the forethought of the mayor, who changed the market-day to Saturday, and on the peasants complaining, he read them a lesson on the utility of the Jews as middle-men, and induced them to promise not to molest their Jewish fellow-citizens.

From Alexandrovsk the instigators paid a visit to the Jewish agricultural colonies in the province of Ekaterinoslav, which have now been established for more than forty years. The chief centres, Gulaypol, Orjehow, and Marianpol, were visited in turn, and though no violence seems to have been done to the persons of the Jews, their farms were almost entirely destroyed. At Orjehow the instigators who led the mob were dressed as police officers, and produced a document falsely professing to be the proclamation of the czar. The farming implements

were all destroyed, and five hundred cattle and ten thousand sheep driven off. At Kamichewka, the Jews adroitly turned the supposed ukase of the czar into a safeguard. Hearing that the rioters were advancing to attack, they brought the keys of their houses to their Christian neighbors, saying that if the ukase were true it would be better that their neighbors should have their property than the rioters, and if the ukase proved to be untrue, of course their good neighbors would return the keys. The Christians of the village accordingly repulsed the rioters, and in a few days the Jews of Kamichewka were again in possession of their property.

Up to this time, the riots had chiefly arisen among the urban populations, but they now spread into the rural districts and reached every little village where even a single Jew resided. A Jew was murdered at Rasdory, a few miles southeast of Orjehow, and at Znamenka, near Nikopol, on the Dnieper, a Jewish innkeeper named Kesser was murdered and his wife dishonored, after which both were cast into the river. At Balka, also on the bank of the Dnieper, there was only one Jew, Allowicz by name. A band of ruffians went to his house on May 17, and, finding him absent, they violated his wife, and, to conceal the crime, set fire to the house while the poor woman lay helpless in it. All this was witnessed by her little daughter, crouched in a ditch hard by. On the preceding day another tragedy had occurred at Kitzkis, where the house of one Preskoff was set on fire, and he, with two little children, left to roast in it, while the wife and mother looked on, vainly appealing for mercy to the ruffianly perpetrators of the crime. At Gregorievka a Jewish innkeeper named Ruffmann was cooped in one of his own barrels and cast into the Dnieper. Again, at Kanzeropol a man named Enman was murdered brutally and his wife violated and afterwards killed. Such were the deeds that were done on the banks of the Dnieper during the month of May.

Meantime, the seaport Odessa had likewise been the scene of an anti-Jewish riot. Originally announced for May 13, it was postponed till Sunday, May 15, without, however, any precautions being taken by the governor, who had, as usual, been duly warned of the impending outbreak. Though only lasting for six hours, the riot resulted in the death of a Jew named Handelsmann, and eleven cases of violation are reported, one resulting in

death. Here the Jews seemed to have been most energetic in their resistance. Of the eight hundred arrests made, one hundred and fifty were Jews, twenty-six of whom were afterwards charged with carrying revolvers without a permit. The police estimated the damage done at 1,137,831 roubles, while those more immediately concerned raised the sum to three millions. Similar scenes took place on the same day at Wolvezysk, on the borders, where a riot had been announced for the Sunday. A week afterwards the lower orders of Berdyczew rose against the Jews, and on May 24, a riotous disturbance occurred at Zmerinka, in Podolia.

Thus, within a month of the first outbreak, almost every town of importance in southern Russia had seen such horrors as we have described. Apart from the influence of ringleaders, the rioters had no cause to incite them to rapine except the force of contagion and the impression that the czar had really transferred all Jewish property to his orthodox subjects. If once this impression had been officially removed, the epidemic would have been checked. In many cases it was distinctly shown that the peasants liked the Jews, and only pillaged because they thought it had been ordered. At Bougaifka, for example, a few days after the peasants had destroyed the property of the Jews, they became contrite, and gave their Jewish neighbors eight hundred roubles as some compensation for the damage they themselves had caused. In the face of such a fact, it is tolerably certain that if the supposed proclamation had been energetically and officially denied the riots might never have reached the extent that they eventually did. The contagion spread as far as Saratov in early June, and thence to Astrakhan; it even reached a town near Tomsk, in Siberia, and caused an anti-Jewish riot there. The only bright spot in all this gloom was the condition of Poland, where Jews and Poles have always lived in amity. This continued till General Ignatieff directed the governor of Poland to appoint commissions of experts to consider how the Jews should be dealt with, to which fact persons on the spot attribute the rise of anti-Jewish feeling that culminated in the Warsaw riots. But outside Poland these outbursts of popular prejudice placed a population of nearly two millions in perpetual dread of their lives and property. At times they dared not remove their clothes night or day, fearing that they might have to

flee at any moment. Ever since last April that feeling of fear and insecurity has ruled the lives of all Russian Jews.

Not a month, scarcely a week, has passed since then without some outbreak or other occurring to confirm these fears and render them the more acute. After the Saratov affair, on June 8, in which thirty Jews were wounded, there was a comparative lull in the more violent forms of outrage. But early in July the neighborhood of Kieff and the banks of the Dnieper were once more visited by scenes which recall the horrors of the Middle Ages. On Sunday, the 12th, open rioting took place at Penjaslaw, which was characterized by the fact that the mob were led to the attack by the sons of the merchants of the district. Commercial rivalry adding its sting to religious and social differences, the struggle was here of a more violent nature than usual, and, while thirty of the mob were wounded, no less than two hundred of the Jews received serious injuries at the hands of their neighbors, and three died in consequence; one hundred and seventy-six houses were destroyed, some by fire. At Borispol, on July 21, scenes occurred during the riots worthy of the worst days of the Commune. Women, for almost the first time, made their appearance on the scene as assailants and added to its horrors. During the rioting they encouraged their friends on to the fight, and were seen to assist them to violate the Jewesses of the village by holding down the unfortunate creatures. A curious petition afterwards sent from this neighborhood, demanding, among other things, that Jewesses should not be allowed to wear silks and satins, may throw some light on the motives of these viragos.

The reader will be by this time satiated with the horrible crimes which have been laid before him. The imagination may now be able to take in the full meaning of the bare statement, so frequent during last year, that anti-Jewish riots had taken place in such and such a district of southern Russia. Suffice it then to add that the month of August saw such riots at Njezin on the 2d, at Lubny on the 8th, at Borzno on the 18th, and at Itchny on the 28th. If September was comparatively free from disorders, the cessation must be attributed rather to the needs of the harvest than to the quieting of the popular mind, for early in October the mob attacked the Jews of Balwierzyski, in the government of Suwalki. October 3 was the Day of Atonement, the most sa-

cred day of the Hebrew calendar, and the mob took the occasion to destroy the synagogue and wreck the Jewish quarter, where one Jew was killed and twenty wounded. Even as late as November, the myth of the spoliation ukase imposed upon the peasantry. On the 15th of that month, a band of one hundred peasants at Czarwona, near Zitomir, pillaged the property of the Jews under that pretext. Lastly, to show the excitable state of the popular mind, the Sarah Bernhardt riots at Kieff on November 18 and at Odessa on November 27 proved that a mere suspicion that the actress was a Jewess was sufficient to arouse once more the fury of the mob, and cause them again to attack the Jewish quarter of those towns.

Finally, this catalogue of horrors must be concluded by a reference to the riots at Warsaw on Christmas and the following days. The detailed events of those days, when three hundred houses and six hundred shops were pillaged and devastated and thousands of victims rendered homeless and reduced to beggary, are doubtless fresh in every one's memory, but certain facts must be again referred to, owing to their typical character. In the first place, the riot was clearly planned, the alarm of fire being simultaneously raised in at least two churches, and the mob being directed by men who spoke Polish with a Russian accent. The culpable neglect of the military authorities of Warsaw in refusing to make use of the twenty thousand men forming its garrison, finds its counterpart in the similar behavior of the governors of Kieff, Elizabethgrad, and Odessa earlier in the year. The behavior of the police, who are described as only interfering to prevent the Jews from protecting themselves, exactly tallies with their behavior elsewhere. And, finally, the attempts that were made by telegraph officials and others to prevent the true state of the case from reaching the rest of Europe, may serve to account for the extraordinary fact that the enormities of the past nine months have only found the faintest echo in the press of Europe. Thus, while outrages on women were openly committed, the knowledge of this fact has hitherto been kept from crossing the borders.

The outrages we have recounted above, though, no doubt, the most important, are far from including all the similar events that have occurred during the past year. They have been selected from a list of over one hundred and sixty towns and villages in which cases of riot, rapine,

murder, and spoliation have been known to occur during the last nine months of 1881. Out of these information was collected from about forty-five towns and villages in southern Russia. In these alone are reported twenty-three murders of men, women, and children, seventeen deaths caused by violation, and no fewer than two hundred and twenty-five cases of outrages on Jewesses.

Such have been the horrors that throughout the past year have assailed the three million Israelites who inhabit Russia. Nor is there any indication that the atrocities will cease during the present year, unless the Russian government will interfere in the sacred cause of civilization and humanity.

Besides appealing to the blind passions of the mob, the Jew-haters of Russia have during the past year resorted to more systematic efforts to harass the hapless Israelites. The Russian Moujik has a method almost peculiar to himself of expressing his rage and hatred. Moscow is but the most celebrated instance of periods of Russian history when incendiarism has been the order of the day. Whenever the fever point of excitement is reached arson is usually the direction in which it overflows. So well is this recognized in Russia that the peasants have a technical name for the deliberate firing of towns—the "red cock" is said to crow. During the past year this method of revenge has been resorted to on a large scale against the Jews of Russia, especially in the west. By the end of June the "red cock" had crowed over fifteen towns in western Russia, including Mohilew, containing twenty-five thousand inhabitants, Witebsk, with twenty-three thousand, and Slonim, with twenty thousand, as well as smaller towns like Wolcowysk, Scherwondt, Augustowo, Nowo-Gucdek, Ponowicz, and Lipsk. Many thousands of Jews were rendered homeless by this means, and on July 3 six thousand Jews lost their homes by fire at Minsk, forty-eight hundred being deprived of every means of subsistence at the same time. The town of Pinsk, in the same province, suffered a like fate. And shortly afterwards a conflagration took place at Koretz, in Wolhynia, in which thirty lives were lost, and five thousand souls left without a home. Every week added to the number of fires in towns inhabited by Jews till, by the end of September, the list extended to forty-one towns. This probably involved the loss of home to twenty thousand Jews.

To the mass of homeless and penniless creatures in southern Russia must be added the many victims of pillage. The violence of the mobs often wrecked whole streets of houses as completely as any fire, and we know of two thousand who were thus rendered homeless at Kieff, sixteen hundred at Smiello, one thousand at Konotop, six hundred at Ouchow, and three hundred at Aluchoff. The value of property destroyed in the south has been reckoned to reach £16,000,000 sterling.

It is possible that an aggregate of one hundred thousand Jewish families has thus been reduced to poverty. The ranks of the ruined were increased by those who dared not apply for their just debts, while in many cases the peasantry have deliberately "boycotted" the Jews. It must be further remembered that in several places the Jews anticipated riots by evacuating their homes; thus, near Perejaslaw, after the riot at that place, no fewer than seventeen villages in the neighborhood were deserted by the Jews, and the same, doubtless, took place in other localities. Men have fled from the villages in which they have resided all their lives. Even after the events of Kieff the Jews of the neighborhood, fearing the spread of disorder, crowded, at the rate of one hundred families a day, into the town which had so lately shown itself hostile. Others fled towards the borders, and during the summer months a camp of refugees in the open air at Podwoloczyska contained no less than fifteen hundred souls, including children of the tenderest age. A few who still possessed some means attempted to flee across the frontier, but many were stopped. Of five thousand who managed to reach Brody, on the Austrian border, in a perfectly helpless state, two thousand still remain there huddled in cellars. What horrors are in store for the thousands and thousands who have been left to face the rigors of a Russian winter with no resources, no one outside Russia can possibly imagine.

Meanwhile, the municipalities, with the connivance of the local governments, have taken every means in their power to add to the misery of the situation. With rough logic, they argued that, as these riots were directed against the Jews, if there had been no Jews, there would have been no riots. They accordingly petitioned the governors of their provinces to issue orders for the expulsion of the Jews from towns in which they had no legal right of domicile. The Jews of Russia

are only allowed to reside in twenty-eight of its provinces, often only in certain towns, and the number of permits to reside is, at least theoretically, limited. For the last twenty years, however, these barbarous laws have been somewhat allowed to fall into desuetude, and many Jews have ventured beyond the narrow limits assigned to them. Leaving aside the general question, it was clearly a most heartless act to add to the miseries of the Jewish population at the moment when the mob were eagerly scanning the disposition of the authorities to discover to what lengths they might proceed with impunity. Whatever be the legality of the measure, the occasion for introducing its rigorous enforcement was inhumanly inopportune, and lays the corporations who enforced it open to a charge of complicity with the more lawless persecutors of the Jews. At Kieff, for example, even before the excitement had entirely subsided, the governor ordered a stringent scrutiny of the right of domicile among the Jews of that town. By July 29 the strict enforcement of these harsh regulations had resulted in the expulsion of four thousand Jews, and quite recently new rules have been issued in Kieff, as well as Odessa, still further limiting the number of Jews capable of residing in either city. At Liebenthal, near Odessa, the municipality, of course with the permission of the governor of Odessa, expelled from fifteen to twenty Jewish families, and imposed a fine of fifty roubles upon any one harboring a Jew for a single night. From Podolsk one hundred families have been expelled, while whole regions of Podolia have been relentlessly cleared of the Jews; the towns of Kromonitz, Dubno, Constantinow, Wladimir, and Wolinsk being the principal offenders. More to the east the town of Charkoff expelled Jews at the beginning of August. At Orel, in the government of that name, the expulsion has recently taken place on a large scale and under peculiarly cruel circumstances. In that town nine hundred families of Jews, numbering five thousand souls, have hitherto dwelt in peace and good-will with their neighbors. Soon after the outbreak of the disturbances, the governor of Orel gave orders that all Jews must quit its bounds by September 1. When that day arrived a further grace was allowed them till October 25, and on the latter day the Jewish congregation met for the last time in the synagogue, and after tearful prayers removed the sacred scrolls and left in mournful pro-

cession the town that had been their home. Nearly four hundred of them, however, did not even possess the means of departure, and ventured to remain, only to be thrust out by the police into the snow on the following night. In other places, where no legal objection could be taken to the domicile of the Jews, petitions were sent by the authorities requesting the imposition of all sorts of restrictions. They desire to restrict Jewish commerce in grain, and to limit the sending of Jewish children to the higher gymnasia and universities, thus stultifying their own complaints as to the want of culture among the Jews. Many local commissions would prevent Jews from holding *harandas*, erroneously described as "dram-shops," but really general stores, at which wine and spirits are sold. We have already referred to the Perejaslav petition, that Jewesses be not allowed to wear silks and satins. These expulsions and petitions have formed the sole answer which the town councils of Russia have given to the Jewish question.

Meanwhile, what has been done in this emergency? It is by no means difficult to suggest what could and should have been done from the first appearance of anti-Jewish feeling in the south. If orders had been given and published that every governor-general should supply Jewish communities with a guard on application from the rabbi and the elders of the community; if an edict had been passed rendering all damage to Jewish property by riots chargeable to the communal rates of the town or village; if, above all, a proclamation had been issued declaring that all Jewish subjects were as much entitled to protection of life and property as their orthodox fellow-citizens, and denying the existence of any ukase purporting to "convey" their property, it is safe to assert that the disorders would not have spread far, and certainly would not have lasted long. Instead of this, at Kieff instructions were issued that the military should not be called out till the last extremity.

As early as May 23, the czar, having been appealed to by a deputation of the Jews of St. Petersburg headed by Baron Günzburg, expressed his intention of dealing with the evil. Accordingly Count Kutaissow was despatched to the south to make inquiries. He returned, it would seem, with the answer that inquiries were still further necessary. General Ignatieff now took the opportunity to introduce a system by which the Zemstvos, or Provin-

cial Assemblies, might be superseded by local committees of experts on this special subject, and on September 3 the following rescript was issued:—

For some time the government has given its attention to the Jews, and to their relations to the rest of the inhabitants of the empire, with the view of ascertaining the sad condition of the Christian inhabitants brought about by the conduct of the Jews in business matters.

For the last twenty years the government has endeavored, in various ways, to bring the Jews near to its other inhabitants, and has given them almost equal rights with the indigenous population. The movements, however, against the Jews, which began last spring in the south of Russia, and extended to central Russia, prove incontestably that all its endeavors have been of no avail, and that ill-feeling prevails now as much as ever between the Jewish and the Christian inhabitants of those parts. Now, the proceedings at the trial of those charged with rioting and other evidence bear witness to the fact that the main cause of those movements and riots—to which the Russians, as a nation, are strangers—was but a commercial one, and is as follows:—

“During the last twenty years the Jews have gradually possessed themselves of not only every trade and business in all its branches, but also of a great part of the land by buying or farming it. With few exceptions they have, as a body, devoted their attention not to enriching or benefiting the country, but to defrauding by their wiles its inhabitants, and particularly its poor inhabitants. This conduct of theirs has called forth protests on the part of the people, as manifested in acts of violence and robbery. The government, while on the one hand doing its best to put down the disturbances and to deliver the Jews from oppression and slaughter, have also, on the other hand, thought it a matter of urgency and justice to adopt stringent measures in order to put an end to the oppression practised by the Jews on the inhabitants, and to free the country from their malpractices, which were, as is known, the cause of the agitation.”

With this view, it has appointed commissions (in all the towns inhabited by Jews), whose duty it is to inquire into the following matters:—

1. What are the trades of the Jews which are injurious to the inhabitants of the place?

2. What makes it impracticable to put into force the former laws limiting the rights of the Jews in the matter of buying and farming land, the trade in intoxicants, and usury?

3. How can those laws be altered so that they shall no longer be enabled to evade them, or what new laws are required to stop their pernicious conduct in business?

4. Give (besides the answers to the foregoing questions) the following additional information: (a) on the usury practised by the Jews in their dealings with Christians, in cities, towns, and villages; (b) the number of public-

houses kept by Jews in their own name, or in that of a Christian; (c) the number of persons in service with Jews, or under their control; (d) the extent (acreage) of the land in their possession, by buying or farming; (e) the number of Jewish agriculturists.

In addition to the above-named information to be supplied, every commission is empowered to report on such conduct and action of the Jews as may have a local interest and importance, and to submit the same to the ministry.

That, after the events of May, June, and July, any person in authority in Russia should in August have been thinking of aught else but the protection of Jewish lives and the honor of Jewish women is the first surprise that meets us in this remarkable document. But that no word of reprimand should be addressed to those who had indulged in such misdeeds is a severer surprise still, the only allusion to the whole catalogue of horrors being couched in the half-apologetic allusion to “protests” that have taken so deplorable a form. It is certain that the direct cause of the objection of the Russians to their Jewish fellow-citizens is the natural result of the Russian laws which restrict their rights and mark them off from the rest of the nation. It is the lesson taught by all experience that the only solution of the Jewish question is the granting of full equality. It is absolutely certain that the whole body of Jews, forming one-eighth of the population amid which they dwell, cannot be accused of “exploitation,” or “usury,” as imputed by the rescript, the fact being that the chief industries of Russia are in the hands of the thrifty and hardworking Jews. Again, objection to innkeeping by Jews is clearly a gross injustice, seeing that statistics show drunkenness to be more prevalent in provinces where Jews do not reside. But, waiving all this, surely the poor woman who had been violated, the little children who had been murdered, the farmers who had been robbed of their cattle and implements, could not be accused of these charges, and it was accordingly the refinement of cruelty to issue this document, teeming with animus against the Jews, at a time when the passions of the mob had been raised against all Jews, without distinction of person, occupation, age, or sex. The Jewish question at the present moment is not how the Jews should be prevented from competing with the Russians in certain trades, but whether the lives of three millions and a half of Jews shall be left at the mercy of

the passions of the mob. A document like this, far from helping to solve the question, rather adds to its complexity by showing clearly to the populace that the authorities share their prejudices. The appointments to commissions showed the same bias; at the head of the Kieff Commission was placed General Drudkoff, the governor of Kieff, who initiated the proceedings of the first meeting by declaring, "Either I or the Jews must go." On another commission was placed M. Chegarym, whose only claim to be considered an expert on the Jewish question was that he had written a pamphlet, entitled "The Annihilation of the Jews."

At Odessa the first commission was dismissed because it had recommended the only true solution of the questions put by the minister of the interior, the granting of the Jews full equality of rights and equal liberty of settlement with their fellow-citizens of other creeds. A second commission was thereupon appointed, with views more in consonance with the spirit of the rescript. When the governor of Warsaw, Count Albedinski, was ordered to publish the circular he at first refused, saying that Jews and Poles had always lived on such friendly terms that no commission was necessary. He was, however, forced to publish the rescript, and competent observers attribute the rise of anti-Semitic feeling in Warsaw mainly to this publication.

These acts and the tone of the circular itself made clear to the commissions what was expected of them. They have accordingly made recommendations, which will, if adopted, bring back all the horrors of the Middle Ages on the unfortunate Jews of Russia. Thus, among other proposals, they have advised that Jews should not be allowed to build synagogues or establish schools and orphan asylums, that they should not be permitted to reside in villages, nor own houses or landed property, that Jews should not lease factories or sell spirituous liquors or be apothecaries. Besides this, it is rumored that it is intended to restrict still further the right of domicile, and to allow no Jew to reside within eighty miles of the borders. In short, it seems to be the intention to make Russia an impossible home for the Jews, or perhaps even to doom them to complete extinction. The Russo-Jewish question may, therefore, be summed up in these words: Are three and a half millions of human beings to perish because they are Jews?

From The Morning Post of January 16.

THE PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS IN GERMANY AND RUSSIA.

The following is from the pen of Canon Farrar:—

The last three years have been discreditably marked by a fresh outburst of hatred against the Jewish race, accompanied in several cases by cruel persecutions. There have been anti-Jewish riots in Servia and in Roumania. The Jews have been subjected to disgraceful attacks in southern and western Russia. In cultured and philosophic Germany there has been a violent spasm of anti-Semitic feeling, popularly described as *Judenhetze*, which a distinguished German has truly characterized as "a monstrosity of disordered national feeling." In France there has been the unusual phenomenon of a newspaper called the *Anti-Jew*, a phenomenon surely alien from the best traditions of a nation which has always prided itself upon its championship of the rights of humanity. Even in the United States the Jews have been made to feel that they are unpopular. In England there has indeed been no trace of such antagonism, although even in the English press reflections have been made upon the Jews which betray a considerable amount of dislike and irritation.

If we look into the causes of this outbreak they are not, perhaps, far to seek. The Jews have always had a talent for succeeding—notably in the acquisition of great wealth, but also in other and nobler ways. All history has proved that they are a race of intense physical vitality and splendid intellectual endowments. If any one will count the number of eminent persons who have at least an admixture of Jewish blood in their veins, he will see that the Jews are exceptionally gifted; nor can any one deny the vast services which, as a race, they have conferred upon humanity. In England they are a comparatively small community, yet they have acquired an influence entirely out of proportion to their numbers. Till very recently Jewish birth was a decided hindrance to success at the bar, yet there is already one distinguished judge, and there are several eminent barristers who are Jews both by race and by religion. A very short time has elapsed since the ancient universities were freely thrown open to Jews, yet already, and at both universities, Jews have taken their position among our most successful students. It is but a few years since they were allowed

to sit in Parliament, yet already the House of Commons numbers some Jews among its influential members. But though Jews have also made themselves felt in the English press and in English politics, their success has excited no opposition. Whatever may be the faults of the English nation, jealous exclusiveness has not, of late years, been among them. The extreme freedom of our institutions has led us to adopt in its widest sense the motto of Napoleon, "La carrière ouverte aux talents." When, as was very recently the case, a Jewish newspaper admits paragraphs which are insulting to Christianity, it is not unnatural that this should lead to angry comment; but, as a rule, the position of Jews in England is entirely free from attack or annoyance. Lord Beaconsfield, who with honorable courage made his boast of the Jewish origin which others levelled against him as a taunt, received from the English nation and the English Parliament the proudest honors which can be bestowed upon a citizen; and few men stand higher in general esteem than the venerable Jewish philanthropist, Sir Moses Montefiore.

What, then, is the source of the hatred openly professed against the Jews in many countries of Europe, and especially in Germany and Russia? The feeling is only in part, and very small part, religious, and it is by no means creditable. This somewhat ludicrous "Anti-Semitic League" has been joined by Radicals and Socialists, as well as by Protestants and Catholics. It owes its existence to the immemorial unpopularity of the Jewish race among the nations of the world. There is hardly an age in history, and hardly a civilized nation among mankind, which has not, in some way or other, betrayed its dislike of Judaism. The Assyrians, the Babylonians, the Persians, the Greeks, the Romans, the Syrians, the Egyptians, have all been guilty of crimes against the Hebrews. Ancient literature abounds in the deadliest invectives and the most futile calumnies against them, and, remembering the massacres which have befallen them in so many lands, the Jews might almost ask in the words of Horace:—

Quod mare lugubres,
Non decoloravere cædes?
Quæ caret ora cruore nostro?

No doubt the tribalism of the Jews was one cause of these outrages. But they also rose in part from the very virtues of which that exclusiveness was, in heath-

en countries, the sole protection. When idolatry and moral corruption were universal, isolation was necessary to preserve the purity of Jewish religion, and that isolation was justified, at least originally, by divine and providential sanctions.

It might have been hoped that when Christianity became the religion of the civilized world Christian nations—which owed to the Hebrew race so large a debt of gratitude, and which professed to accept as a tenet of their religion the universal brotherhood of man—would have risen superior to race hatreds. Unhappily this has not been the case. Detestation of the Jews has lingered on among the ignorant populace as an acquired habit and a rooted prejudice. They have been treated with tyrannous insolence and fanatical cruelty. Throughout the Middle Ages the view taken of their position was dominated by the absurd superstition that it is the duty of men to visit the sins of past generations upon their innocent descendants. It is impossible to read the history of the Jews since the Christian era without a blush of shame. Exactly in proportion as the Church became more ignorant, more superstitious, and more corrupt, in that proportion did her synods and her rulers execrate and wrong the Jews. The decree of the Synod of Toledo, requiring them to emigrate or to be baptized; the bitter diatribes of Pope Stephen VI., and of Archbishops Agobard and Amolo in the ninth century; the sanguinary fanaticism of the eleventh century; the spoliations of Philip Augustus; the outrageous theory of Pope Innocent III. and St. Thomas Aquinas, that Jews were doomed to the curse of perpetual slavery; the shameful calumnies against them which prevailed in the twelfth century, and which led to such dreadful cruelties after the great plague of 1348; the extortions of John and Henry III.; the massacres of Jews in the reigns of Richard I. and Edward I.; their expulsion from France by Louis IX.; their destruction wholesale by sword and plague, and famine and shipwreck, in the fifteenth century in Spain; their treatment by the Inquisition; the compulsory baptism of their children in Portugal; the massacre of two thousand in three days at Lisbon, in 1500,—these events, terrible as they are, are but episodes in the long annals of wrong and oppression inflicted upon Hebrews by the ignorance and selfishness of professing Christians.

The errors, follies, and sins of nations always evoke their own retribution. The conscience of our race has declared itself on the side of tolerance and justice, and it might therefore have been hoped that the nightmare of this mediæval Judeophobia was over, and that all Europe might profit by the moral and intellectual qualities of Israelites without further outbreaks of jealousy and hatred. For it is undeniable that the Jews have always shown, as a race, many high qualities. They are industrious; they are able; they are kindly and hopeful; they are capable of the very highest development; they produce many men of genius; they furnish the relatively smallest number of criminals; their sanitary regulations give them a singular immunity from epidemics; in filial reverence, in domestic affection, in loyalty to each other, in gratitude for benefits, in temperance, chastity, and frugality, they often set a very bright example. The rigidity of the yoke laid upon them by an irrational Talmudism has been greatly relaxed since the days of the great and good philosopher, Moses Mendelssohn. In many of their political and religious views they are showing signs of progress which bring them into much closer affinity with Christian culture. On the other hand they are still suffering the consequences of the disabilities to which they were once liable, and the very qualities and conditions which are now kindling the envy and rage of Germans and Russians are due to the oppression of past centuries. In all his worst features the Jew is what the Christian has made him. There are, of course, bad Jews as there are bad Christians, and the comparative isolation of Jews gives special prominence to their offences. The plea urged in excuse for the wrath and contempt of anti-Semitic leagues is that Jews are addicted to unpopular pursuits; that they follow demoralizing trades; that they are guilty of ostentation, greed, stock-jobbing, and avarice. They are accused of aims exclusively Hebraic; of clandestine manipulation of the press; of unfair barter and oppressive usury. Every nation has its own favorite vices, and various forms of Mammon-worship may perhaps be regarded as national vices of the Jew, though certainly he has no monopoly of them. Let it be admitted that in Jews, as in all men, there is much of the bad side of human nature, and that if they have undeniably produced some of the noblest specimens of the human race, both morally and spiritually, they have

also produced some of the most degraded. Let it be admitted, also, that the aristocrats and artisans who foster the *Judenhetze* in Germany, no less than the ignorant rabble who kill and plunder Jews in Russia, are actuated by real as well as fancied grievances. But when we endeavor impartially to strike the balance of the faults on both sides it is plain that the Jew-baiting which goes on in Germany is discreditable to the Christianity and even to the philosophy of the fellow-countrymen of Lessing, and that the atrocities in Russia appeal to every generous mind for strong remonstrances against the oppressors and deep sympathy with the oppressed.

In Germany it may be perfectly true that public opinion has been offended by the bearing and conduct of wealthy Jews; but the anti-Jewish agitation, first excited by an obscure journalist, has derived its chief source from envy at their success and wealth. A few attacks upon Christianity in the Jewish press may have kindled religious anger, and Christian Socialists, like Stöcker, may feel an innate horror of caste exclusiveness and the autocracy of capital; but there is no legitimate ground for the furious terror of Judaism, as a peril to the world, into which some of the German papers have lashed themselves. We do not wish to be sweepingly censorious against nations whose calmness and justice are subjected to the tremendous strain of jealousies between race and race. Englishmen, no less than others, in their dealings with alien nationalities have shown a spirit the reverse of sublime or Christian. If ever the English working classes have to confront the awful problem of Chinese competition, against which our brethren are wildly struggling in Australia and western America, we may find that abstract principles form a very feeble barrier against perplexed and terrified exasperation. Still the fact remains, that in Germany the anti-Semitic leagues have thrown to the wind "those divine lessons of Nathan der Weise," which Goethe hoped that his countrymen would never forget. At Munich a Jewish merchant entering a *café* selfishly monopolized some of the newspapers by sitting upon them. A young lieutenant, a representative apparently of German Junkerthum, demanded one of the papers, and on being refused he first boxed the Jew's ears and then ran him through with a sword. The anecdote is typical. The Jews may have given some just reasons for offence, but the revenge

inflicted upon them is disproportionate and reckless. If in Berlin and Munich Germans have forgotten Lessing, and will not listen to the remonstrances which are being addressed to them by some of their own wisest rulers and greatest writers — by men like the crown prince on the one hand and by Von Döllinger on the other — may they not be reminded of the noble words of Wilhelm von Humboldt, that "the one idea which history exhibits as evermore developing itself into greater distinctness is the idea of humanity; the noble endeavor to throw down all the barriers erected between men by prejudice and one-sided views, and, setting aside the distinction of religion, color, and country, to treat the whole human race as one brotherhood, having one great object, — the free development of our spiritual nature?"

In Russia, as might have been expected, the results of hatred against the Jews have been yet more shameful. During the anti-Jewish riots at Warsaw, which originated in the infamous manner so recently recorded, an assault was made on the Jewish population, and its extent and violence may be estimated by the fact that six thousand families were sufferers, and that two thousand rioters have been subsequently arrested. There have been outrages at Kieff. At Elizabethgrad whole streets of Jewish houses have been razed and sacked. At Minsk eight thousand persons lost their all. At Koretz thirty men and women perished in the flames, and eighty families were left houseless. In Austrian Brody, near the Russian frontier, it is said that ten thousand refugees are huddled in the streets and cellars. The Jewish papers and pulpits inform us that the sufferings to which the three millions of their co-religionists in Russia are liable are but partially known in England, because the leading rabbis are unable to furnish direct information except at the peril of their lives. The Russian government has, indeed, disclaimed all feeling of hostility to the Jews, although it may be permitted us to wish that the repressive measures adopted against rioters had been prompter and more energetic. Unfortunately Russian officials of high position have hardly concealed their bitterness. General Ignatieff, in his circular to the provincial governors, spoke of the Jews as "exploiters" of the Russian nation. After the riots at Kieff it is said that the governor-general on being deprecatingly asked, "Where

the poor Jews could go?" replied, "To Jerusalem, or into the Dnieper." The reports of the commissions which have sat at Minsk, at Wilna, at Kharkow, at Odessa, and other places, recommended anti-Semitic restrictions which can hardly fail to produce wide-spread suffering. Many Russian papers openly and diligently preach the bitterest opposition. Possibly the fears expressed by the Jewish communities in Russia and Poland may be exaggerated, but beyond question there exists in western and southern Russia a spirit of blind and furious hatred against them, which to the disgrace of the nineteenth century and of the Christian religion, may yet cause riots and disasters even more deplorable than those which have already occurred.

Under these circumstances it is impossible to resist the appeal for sympathy which the Jews in England and elsewhere have made to us. It would be a most happy result of the present troubles if the Jews, like the Greeks, could be restored to the dignity of an independent and self-governed nation in their own Holy Land. There they might once more develop, amid unimpeded conditions, the genius and the greatness which they showed in past ages, and to which the whole world will be indebted to the end of time. There they might learn the absolutely immeasurable inferiority of their Talmud to their Bible. There they might free themselves from the less honorable tendencies into which they were mainly driven by the disabilities which closed every other career against them, and deprived them for so many ages of the fair rights and dignities of citizens. There they might once more make the wilderness blossom as the rose, and fulfil the high destinies foreshadowed for them of old by their glorious prophets. If this cannot be, then while we trust that they may themselves be led in every country of Europe to lay to heart, and to profit by the bitter lessons of misfortune, we trust also that every Christian nation will recognize that the treatment to which they are now being subjected is not only the worst possible "summons to Christian fellowship," but also that it constitutes in itself an indelible blot upon the annals of that religion which claims to be, above everything else, a gospel of Christ, and therefore a gospel of mercy and humanity; a gospel which preaches that love to God, our Father, is best shown by love to our brother man.

F. W. FARRAR

From Chambers' Journal.
BESS!

A CHARACTER SKETCH

I.

THE light of early morning was just beginning to pierce the murky air which at all times hangs like a dimly transparent veil over and around Black Regis, as I entered that typical Black Country village. A long straggling row of tumble-down huts, boasting two shutter-covered windows and one shattered door, constituted the chief feature of the place; the few houses in fair repair being quite subordinate. In each of the huts aforesaid might be found a little forge, or "smithy" fire, an anvil, a large number of small square iron bars, and hammers for shaping the same into nails. And in these huts work one or two young women or girls, engaged throughout the livelong day in the occupation of nail-making. From early morning until late at night you can hear the ceaseless tap, tap! tap, tap! of the small nail-hammers wielded by the muscular amazons of Black Regis. A strange sight truly. I was long of opinion that nail-making was a species of labor confined to the male sex; and I confess I would rather have remained under that delusion; for I cannot help feeling a certain repugnance at beholding women engaged in such occupations.

Black Regis is, as I have said, a murky place; being darkened by the smoke and chemical fumes that arise from coal-pit shafts, iron and chemical works, and the like, in the immediate surroundings. To a stranger, this smoke, with its accompaniment of variegated fumes, is offensive, and well-nigh intolerable. But the inhabitants of Black Regis inhale the poisonous atmosphere uncomplainingly, and are possibly ignorant of its nauseous character.

Black Regis is a dull place socially as well as atmospherically. There is no place of public amusement or recreation other than the public-house, and the half-levelled surfaces of refuse used as a cricket or gambling ground. But these were sufficient for such as have no higher craving or more laudable ambition. "Good enough for them as is in it!" was the emphatic assertion of the chief personage of this sketch — Bess! Bess what? Nothing else. Nothing but plain, simple, honest Bess. She had apparently no other name. "And don't want none neither!" was the triply strong negation in which she replied to the same query

put to her by myself. "What's the use o' having more'n one name? It don't make you any better, nor any richer. It only takes longer to say, and ain't noways a bit o' use."

"But it would be rather awkward," said I, "if everybody had only one name. We could not get on in the world at all."

"Well, p'raps not. But that ain't nothin' to do wi' me. There ain't no use as I can see on for such as me to have more'n one name. We ain't known more'n two or three mile away from home; an' nobody cares to know whether we has a name at all or not, for that matter, so long as we pays for all as we get, an' don't come no capers. Why, sir, what *do* it matter to you whether my name's Bess, or Sal, or Liz, so long as you gets to know what you wants to know from me, an' pays nothin' for it?"

This was a cut. The off-hand manner in which the speech was delivered, and the twinkle of the eye which accompanied the last clause of it, showed me that Bess was no fool, but a sharp, shrewd young woman, who had fathomed the curiosity that had led me to seek the otherwise unwelcome interior of her little hut. She had an eye to the "siller" too, I thought; that last hint of hers telling me plainly that she did not expect to talk to me for nothing. I took up two or three of the nails she had forged, and telling her I would take them home with me as a sample of her skill, requested her to accept a trifling equivalent.

"There, go on! That was only my chaff. I don't mind your talking a bit; only there's *so* many fools comes gabbin' here, and expectin' me to waste my time foolin' wi' 'em. I didn't think as you was one on 'em; but I thought I'd try you. You see, you never knows what's in the pit till you sinks the shaft, and then you see as whether there's anything worth working, or only rubbish."

"Well, Bess — I suppose I may call you Bess?"

"Why, of course, what else could you call me, I'd like to know?"

"Of course, I'd forgotten that. Well, what was that affair of Bill Thomson being saved from drowning, that I heard about this morning?"

"I thought as much! I knew you'd come a-fishin'. I never see such fools as some men is. Can't take care o' themselves, and then kicks up a lot o' bother when anybody does a bit of a thing for 'em. Bill ought to ha' known better than to go an' fall into the canal, an' him drunk

an' all. An' he ought to ha' known better than to go an' make a lot o' palaver an' talk about me pulling of him out. Why, anybody 'ud pull a man out o' the water as couldn't get out hisself. There ain't nothing to make a fuss about in that. If somebody else had a-heard him holler instead o' me, they'd a run an' hauled him out by the hair as I did."

"But you nearly lost your own life—did you not?"

"I dunno! P'raps I did. I know I was under the water a bit. You see, women's petticoats hang about their legs, an' is a trouble to 'em. But there, I never see such a fool as that Bill is, anyway. Next time he falls in, he'll stop in for me—if there's anybody else about to pull him out." The latter part of the speech was added apologetically, as if she were ashamed of having been so mean as to say she would not help anybody in distress.

A good soul, Bess. Rough, uncultivated, unrefined, but still noble in a rugged way, and possessing the true qualities of heroism—courage and humility. Black Regis was the better for her presence. She was in some degree a restraining influence for good. Her companions and associates almost unconsciously feared her censure, and were often deterred from committing unworthy actions by the thought of what Bess would say. In difficulty they ran to her. She could advise, and better still, assist them in their needs; and many an act of true charity was performed by her.

None could quell a disturbance quicker than she. When the authority of the policeman would have been laughed at, she could command respect and order. Upon one occasion she caught a miner ill-using his wife, and, calling the men who stood listlessly by "a lot o' faint-hearted fools," took the case in hand herself, and gave the man a good beating. This raised her very high in the estimation of the Black Regisites. Nothing so popularizes a person in the eyes of the vulgar and untutored as muscular superiority—supremacy of brute force. From that time forth the appearance of Bess upon the scene of action was sufficient in most cases to stay the hands of the combatants.

The Bill Thomson affair was not so simple as Bess tried to make it appear. She had really saved the man's life at the risk of her own, and only succeeded in crawling to the edge of the canal after very great difficulty, holding the senseless Bill in her powerful arms. How she

came to be near him when he fell in, she never quite clearly explained. "She was just out for an airing, that was all, when she heard him holler," she had said when questioned upon the subject. But I am inclined to think there were other and more sufficient reasons than this, as the sequel will perhaps show.

Bill declared he owed his life to Bess; that she was a brave lass, and he would do anything she liked for her if she would only ask him.

Practical Bess, having the cause of his mishap clearly in mind, returned simply: "Then give up drinking for three months."

"I will. If I don't, blow me!" emphatically answered Bill. Those who are not acquainted with the daily life of such men as Bill in such a place as Black Regis, will not be able, I fear, to appreciate the sacrifice he was making in promising to abstain from intoxicating liquors for three months. But I am inclined to think in this matter also that other considerations than respect and gratitude influenced Bill's decision. We shall see.

II.

TWELVE months later I was in Black Regis again. I could discern no change in the place, save perhaps that the air seemed even more murky, and the fumes more nauseous than ever. There were the same straggling rows of huts, and I could hear the same ceaseless tap, tap! tap, tap! of the hammers. At the Rising Sun I made inquiries respecting Bess, and was somewhat amused, but only partly surprised, to find that she was married—to Bill Thomson. Bill, true to his promise, had abstained from drink for the specified three months, and, at the expiration of that time, had paid a special visit to the hut of Bess to inform her of the fact. She was busy with her work as Bill strolled in, and to his humble "Evening, Bess!" characteristically replied: "Now then, what are you after now? Don't come foolin' round, for I ain't no time to talk."

"Well, Bess," apologetically responded Bill, "I've kept my promise."

"What promise?" queried Bess, striking the bar of iron at the same time, and causing a fan-shower of sparks to fly round the hut.

"Why, about the drink. It's three months to-day since I promised as I wouldn't have any more, an' I ain't neither."

"Well, do you feel any worse for it?"

"I feel a good sight better, an' I've saved a bit o' coin too. I shouldn't ha' done it but for you, Bess; an' I come to see if you'll go shares in it. It's as much yours as mine, you see, for if it hadn't been for you, I shouldn't —"

"Here, stow it!" interrupted matter-of-fact Bess. "What d' you take me for? Think I want your coin? I never see such a fool in all my life."

"Won't you have it, then?"

"Have it? No! What 'ud I have it for? 'Tain't mine."

"Well then, Bess, I tell you what I'll do," said the desperate Bill; "I'll make a bargain with you. I'll promise to be teetotal for another three months, if you'll promise to be my wife at the end of 'em."

Bess was silent. This honest proposal was perhaps not *quite* unexpected; but honest Bess knew not how to meet it. She replied: "I never see such fools as some men is;" but it is said she stealthily wiped a tear from her bright brown eyes, and gulped down a lump that rose in her throat.

"Come, Bess, what d' you say?" coaxingly inquired anxious Bill.

"What do I say? Why, that I never see such a fool. What on earth d' you want to throw yourself away on a good-for-nothing like me for? I ain't no mortal use only to myself; an' what's the use o' you tying a tin can like me to your tail to scamper through the world wi'? Of course, I'd sooner go wi' you nor anybody else — allays thought so — but then I never thought as you'd ask me."

"Then it's a bargain?" asked Bill.

"Well, I might do worse. But mind you, not a word to anybody about it, or over you go. I ain't a-goin' to have folks a-talkin' about me."

"Not a word, Bess. Bless you, old gal."

The three months passed away, and all preparations having been secretly made, Bess and Bill were quietly married, only two particular friends being informed of the affair before it came off, and they only on the very morning of the ceremony.

There was great excitement at Black Regis when the marriage was made public, and all determined on giving some testimony of their good-will. A private subscription list was opened at once, and as Bess had kept her love-affair such a secret from them, they thought it only fair that they should keep their intentions secret from her. There was something rudely noble about this arrangement.

When the money had been collected, the difficulty of providing a suitable present arose. What could they give her? Some one suggested giving her the money, and allowing her to spend it as she thought proper. But this was indignantly negatived. They knew Bess too well to think she would accept a gift of money from them. It is a strange but wholesome characteristic of the English people, that the smallest present of manufactured goods is thankfully accepted and gratefully acknowledged, while a gift of money is rejected as an insult. After much consultation, it was decided to present her with a tea-service and — a cradle! The latter article is generally considered by such people — and not always them alone — as an indispensable article of domestic furniture, and therefore a suitable thing to present to a person newly married.

The presentation was made at night, and for once Bess was speechless. Good, simple soul, the possibility of such an expression of regard from her rough neighbors had never occurred to her. She could only mutter demurely her customary, "I never see such fools as some folks is," and then hide her face in her hands and burst into tears. So kind herself, the kindness of others usually so rough and emotionless, was too much for her.

Bill thanked the friends for their gift, and pointing to the weeping Bess, said: "You see, boys, she ain't used to this sort o' thing, an' it's kind o' knocked her over. I know you means well, an' I sha'n't forget it. But if it's all the same, perhaps you wouldn't mind leaving Bess an' me alone a bit till she kind o' gets over it. You see, I don't want you to think as I don't think enough of what you've done; only, you see, she ain't used to this sort o' thing, an' it's kind o' knocked her over."

The audience kindly left the newly married pair together.

Six months had passed away since the marriage when I once more stood in the hut of Bess — now Mrs. Thomson. As I entered, she looked up with a smile of recognition, and a hearty: "Hullo! here again, sir? Why, what on earth do you see here, to make you come back again?"

"Not much, Mrs. Thomson, truly," I replied, laying great stress upon her new name. She blushed crimson as she laughingly replied: "Ah! I thought as they'd tell you as soon as you set foot in the place. I never see such born idiots in all my days."

"Well, I must congratulate you on your

marriage; and I hope you will be happy together."

"Well, you see, Bill was such a fool, an' couldn't take care of hisself. You know I had to fish him out o' the water once. But he ain't tasted drink since, an' he promised as he wouldn't if I'd marry him. An' you see it was a pity to see a fellow like Bill goin' an' makin' such a fool of hisself; so I thought I might as well take care on him, as leave him to somebody worse than myself. I ain't a bad sort, if I *am* a bit rough; but men is no good if they ain't got some'dy to look after 'em."

Then, as if suddenly remembering something, she threw down her hammer, and bidding me "Come here a minute," hurried out of the hut to a little one-story house that stood close by. Opening the unlocked door, she bade me enter, and then with the air of a duchess, threw open a little cupboard door with one hand, and pointed to a prettily furnished cradle with the other.

"Oh! Your wedding presents?" I exclaimed.

"Yes!" she replied with some pride, and with the shadow of a tear glistening in her bright eye. "They ain't much, sir; leastways, they don't seem much to you, I s'pose; but you know we're poor folks about here, an' has to work hard for all as we get, an' it was all they could afford; an' it *was* good of 'em, wasn't it?"

At the recollection of the presentation episode, the truant tears overflowed the reservoir of feeling, and trickled down the dusky cheek. I am not ashamed to confess that the water stood in my own eyes as I huskily replied that "it *was* good of them."

I think I never realized so fully before the true worth of a genuine, though humble gift, and the sunshine of gratitude and joy it will shed upon the heart and life of an honest recipient. There was more robust joy in that heart of Bess's over that cradle and those cups and saucers, than is felt by the majority of richly dowered brides, any one of whose presents would be a modest competence to such as she.

"Ah! sir, we ain't all as black as you'd think from our faces. We're rough outside, an' not over-nice; but we know how to feel, an' to help each other." Casting one hasty glance at the household treasures, she once more repaired to the little hut, and taking up her hammer, commenced her labors again with renewed vigor.

"Well, Mrs. Thomson" —

"Now then, none o' that! Call me Bess."

"Well then, Bess, I must be making my way back."

"Won't you stay an' — you'll excuse me, sir, for asking you — but won't you stay an' have a bite with us? Bill 'ull be home directly. Ah! there he is — an' he'll be glad to see you. We can't offer you much; but what we have, you're welcome to."

I scarcely knew what to say to this proposal. I really wanted to leave Black Regis by the first train; but I was afraid that I should offend Bess if I refused to accept her invitation. I therefore determined to stay.

I found Bill a rough-and-ready honest fellow, like the general class of people inhabiting such districts. But he had not the natural sagacity and shrewdness of Bess, who was literally his "better half." He knew this too, and looked up to her as a superior being. During her temporary absence, he said proudly: "She's a good un, is Bess, sir; an' she's more in her head than a good many as thinks they're clever. Saved my life too, sir. Ah! she's a good un, is Bess!"

And I quite agreed with Bill.

III.

OTHER six months elapsed before I once more set foot in Black Regis. My first impulse was to walk straight to the hut of Bess; but remembering that, on the occasion of my former visit, I had received much valuable information respecting her from the landlord of the Rising Sun, I determined to pay a passing visit to ascertain if anything unusual had occurred during my absence. In reply to my query, "How is Bess?" the face of the landlord became at once sorrowful and distressed, and I then learned for the first time that poor Bess was dead.

In a disjointed fashion, I managed to glean the following facts from my informant. Some months after my last visit, a great event occurred in the Thomson household — a son and heir was born to Bill. Of course, there was great rejoicing in Black Regis. Everybody in the place took an active interest in the affair, and discussed the future prospects of the little stranger over pipes and beer, and at house corners, as keenly as though some event of national importance had transpired. Bill was peculiarly excited; Bess was calmly happy. Only one feeble complaint she uttered when informed that the

child was a boy: "I'd rather it had been a gal: men is such fools!"

After this she settled down to the inevitable with good grace, showing great affection for the little life thrown upon her care. A few days after the occurrence, Bill, who had been staying at home to wait on his spouse, went to his work again as usual, leaving Bess with her child dependent upon the friendly assistance of kindly neighbors. As the evening came, Bess grew perceptibly anxious. Could she have spoken her fears, she would have said she was wondering if Bill would be tempted by his mates to take drink on the joyful occasion of the birth of his child. She knew he was not hard to persuade when surrounded by friends, and besides it was a recognized custom to drink the health of a child when born. Bess did not say anything to the neighbor who came in to attend to her, but she was terribly anxious nevertheless. The time for his appearance passed, and the shades of the autumn evening fell. Still he did not come. Should she ask some one to go and inquire for him? No! she must not let them think she doubted him. He would come all right yet. Something had happened at the works to detain him. The suspense grew terrible. She could bear it no longer. Excitement gave her strength. Rising from her bed, and leaving the infant asleep there, she with some difficulty pulled on her clothes. She was tottering feebly towards the door, when her straining ear caught the sound of a muffled cry. She had heard that cry once before. It caused her heart to leap and the blood to course like fire through her veins. Strung up with the energy of a strong soul roused by the cry of duty and danger, she sprang to the door and rushed wildly out into the chill darkness of the deepening night. Straight to the dangerous pool of the canal she staggered with a peculiar instinct bred of fear, and the remembrance of a former adventure there. As she reached the edge of the bank, she saw a clenched hand disappearing beneath the surface of the mud-stirred water, and heedless of all but the one fact of her husband drowning there, she plunged wildly in and clutched the horny fingers with a desperate grasp, and with almost superhuman strength succeeded in dragging the unconscious Bill to the sloping edge of the canal. Having accomplished this, her poor human nature could do no more. With a feeble cry for help, she sank down in the shallow water exhausted and insensible.

Hearing her cry, two or three neighbors rushed to the spot, and quickly carried the husband and wife to their humble abode. With great promptitude and care they attended to poor Bess, and sent for the doctor to attend to Bill.

But for Bill it was too late. The strong man had breathed his last. They dared not tell Bess, for fear the shock should be too much for her. Bill's body was removed to a neighbor's house, while the doctor set about measures to prevent serious consequences to the devoted wife. But alas! no medicine could avail. The shock had been too severe. In a few hours she was delirious and in a raging fever. The burden of her ravings was Bill. "I never see such a fool as Bill. He ain't no more sense than a child. Ha! my little pet. Ah! I wish he'd been a gal, men is such fools. You promised me you'd swear off the drink, an' here you go foolin' around, an' fallin' into the canal." Then suddenly changing, and speaking to the doctor: "Sh-h-h! Don't let Bill know as I'm dying. He's such a fool, an' 'ull carry on so. Tell him I shall get better. But when I do go, make him promise to take care o' the kid. You will, won't you? It ain't no fault o' his, poor little soul. I wish he'd a-been a gal, though. But then he ain't; an' maybe he won't be such a fool as Bill. Make him swear off the drink when he grows up; it makes men such fools. Ah! you'll put him in the little cradle? I thought I should ha' rocked it myself; but Bill can do it instead. It *was* good of 'em, wasn't it though, to give us that? God bless 'em!"

And thus poor Bess rambled on. The struggle was fierce and short with her. In forty-eight hours after the time she was carried all wet and senseless to bed, her heart was stilled forever. Poor Bess!

They buried Bill and her together in the little churchyard, the greater part of Black Regis following the remains in procession, and shedding tears over the grave. Something had gone out of their lives. They felt its loss, and knew that it would never be supplied.

There was only one thing left for them to do after they had laid their idol in the ground, and that was to take care of the child. A meeting was held to talk over the best method of performing their duty in this respect. After much discussion, a simple and efficacious plan was decided upon and agreed to. They would support the youngster by weekly offerings. A box would be kept at the Rising Sun to

receive the free-will offerings of as many as cared to contribute towards the maintenance of the child. It should be called "Bess's Box." This sacred duty performed, the meeting dispersed, but only to reassemble the next night to discuss another matter concerning the departed Bess. It would not do to allow her grave to have no protection from the sacrilege of those who in a short time would see only a green mound. They must protect the sacred dust with a tombstone. The tombstone was erected, and the grave surrounded with hanging chains attached to four small stone pillars.

The landlord of the Rising Sun accompanied me to the churchyard, but not before showing me "Bess's Box," and thanking me for my tribute. We stood beside the little mound with uncovered heads, and looked down upon the green sod that covered the heroic woman who had had

The homage of a thousand hearts,
The strong, deep love of one.

I thought of that cheery face, those sparkling eyes, the genial smile, and the welcome voice silent forever.

On the neat little stone at the head of the grave were the words, characteristic of the rough people who had inscribed them: "Here lie BILL THOMSON, and the Queen of Black Regis, BESS."

From The Spectator.

THE CHINESE NAVY.

THE launch, a few weeks ago, at Stettin, of the turret ironclad "Ting-yuen" serves to attract attention to the steps which the Chinese government has for some time been taking towards strengthening the naval defences of its territory. The activity recently shown by the Chinese in this particular direction is the more important because, in thus seeking to establish a strong and efficient marine, they are, in a greater degree than is observable in any other of their public departments, imitating the condition of things prevailing in Europe. Here, at least, they are casting tradition to the winds, and emulating with fervor the example of the West. The Chinese have rarely been famed as naval heroes, the genius of the nation has never shone on the sea, and, strange as it may appear, it would task the memory of the most erudite professor of the Hanlin College to

call to mind, in the long annals of the empire, a single victory at sea which could be said, by any fair stretch of language, to be of national importance, while he would have no difficulty in discovering naval disasters. In this respect they have always appeared at a disadvantage, in comparison with their neighbors the Japanese, with whom the spirit of adventure has ever been stronger, and who have played in the waters of the Far East the part of sea-rovers or pirates from immemorial antiquity. This naval incapacity has always perplexed the historical student, for he has had to reconcile with it the indisputable fact that the seaboard population of China represents as excellent a recruiting-ground as any in the world for the maintenance of a great navy. In numbers, in physical endurance, and even in experience of the sea, they are not to be surpassed by any other population similarly situated. From their ranks arose the one popular naval hero that China possesses, the pirate or patriot Koshinga, of the seventeenth century. With these facts in our mind, we may now take an instructive glance at the navy which China is rapidly creating, and which already contains the promise of future power.

The Chinese navy consists in all of about seventy war vessels, constructed partly in foreign and partly in home dockyards, but all on the lines of European ships of similar class. A commencement was first made in the formation of this fleet twenty years ago, after the contest with the allied powers of England and France had clearly shown the utter inability of the old war-junk to cope with even wooden vessels. The obligations which the Chinese incurred under the treaties of Tientsin and Peking for the repression of piracy, rendered it necessary for them to purchase gunboats suitable for action in the estuaries of the great rivers and off the coasts of the maritime provinces. These gunboats, which were generally the cast-offs of American or English dockyards, formed the nucleus of the modern Chinese navy. Europeans and Americans were appointed to their command, and although utterly valueless in war, they were held by many to suffice for the requirements of the Chinese. During more than ten years, the Chinese themselves appeared to share the same opinion, and nothing was done to increase the efficiency of their navy. It is possible that even now no progress would in this matter have to be recorded, but for

the jealousy and apprehension raised in their breasts by the rapid development in the naval resources of Japan. The imminence of a hostile collision six years ago, in consequence of the Formosa difficulty, first roused the attention of the Pekin authorities to the condition of their navy, and their interest has been kept alive in the same matter by the possibility of complications arising from the unsettled diplomatic questions relating to both Corea and the Loo Choo Islands. The explanation of the steps taken a few years ago to increase the number of vessels constituting the Chinese fleet, is to be found in the feverish anxiety of the Japanese to obtain a powerful navy; but China awoke so late to the exigencies of her situation, that appearances favored the supposition that she had been hopelessly left behind by her more agile and enterprising rival in the race for naval superiority. After due deliberation, the Chinese, who resolved to spend only a moderate sum in the purchase of men-of-war, gave that commission which resulted in the ordering from the eminent naval constructor Sir W. Armstrong of the gunboats known by the first twelve letters of the Greek alphabet. The Chinese were so pleased with their new purchase, that they gave a further order for two more war vessels of a superior class. These latter vessels are remarkable for their high rate of speed, and for the formidable character of their armament; and they are quite capable of taking part in a regular battle, and of keeping at sea for a considerable period. The "Ting-yuen" is a further addition to the sea-going vessels of the Chinese marine, and carries the growth of the navy one step further. There is no doubt that it is the most formidable of them all, for whereas the ships constructed by Sir W. Armstrong are unarmored, and depend for their safety on the small object they present as a mark, the "Ting-yuen" is a heavily armored, double-turretted corvette. A twin vessel is in course of construction, and within the next few months the Chinese navy will have been reinforced by these two formidable men-of-war. China will then possess a fleet, as we said, of about seventy vessels, of which sixteen will compare for efficiency with those of any other navy. The remainder consist of gunboats and other ships well suited for the duties of the preventive service, and useful as transports in time of war. The steamers of the North China Navigation Company, an association under the influ-

ence of Li Hung Chang, are also available for the latter purpose. Nor are the Chinese dependent alone on foreign dockyards and manufacturers. The attention they have devoted to their arsenal and shipyard at Kiangnan is beginning to repay them well, as they now possess a dock in which their men-of-war can be repaired; and in course of time they will be able, by the aid of Western engineers and constructors, to build for themselves more ships from the models of those they have purchased. China is, therefore, on the road to obtain a fleet of war vessels which will place her on more than a par with her neighbor Japan, and which will enable her to maintain her dignity in her own waters. The significance of this fact is the more striking, because China, unlike Japan, has not strained her material resources by these purchases of gunboats and ironclads. Good sense has characterized all her transactions, and unlike most Eastern governments, she seems to have really obtained the full value of her money.

But the Chinese will have to remember, when all has been admitted in favor of the admirable type of war vessel which they have selected, that the efficiency of a navy depends quite as much on the condition and discipline of the men, as on the capabilities of the ships. In the direction of training their sailors and of organizing a corps of officers, they have still much to do, and, perhaps, everything to learn. The Pekin authorities will have to encounter in this matter many deeply rooted prejudices, and it will require much tact and patience on their part to eradicate them. The Chinese man-of-war's man of the present may be open to ridicule, but he has the stuff in him of which good seamen are made. But the healthy influences which are to assist in his elevation must come from above, and Li Hung Chang, who has taken the lead in the founding of the Chinese navy, will have to exercise all his influence to remove incompetence and corruption from the ranks of the officers and superintendents of his fleet. The Chinese ambassador at Berlin dwelt on the peaceful objects of his government; but there is, evidently, more importance in the declaration of the part a fleet will play, in "guaranteeing those rights to the Chinese empire mutually recognized and accorded by the civilized States of modern times." Meantime, China is fast attaining a position which will enable her to resist the encroachments of Japan. The Loo Choo

dispute is so far from being settled that diplomacy has now given it up in despair, but the last Chinese declaration on the subject was that they "intended to maintain their rights." In Corea, affairs are also critical, and the interference of the Japanese on the mainland is regarded as an almost intolerable impertinence. Without a navy, China could do nothing; the activity shown in supplying the deficiency hardly leaves room for doubt as to the first use in which it will be employed. The Loo Choo question is one of scarcely more than fifth-rate importance, but who doubts, if France were to seize one of the Channel Isles, or Germany to make a

swoop on Heligoland, that the outrage, practically unimportant as it might be in material consequences, would be productive of war? The case of Loo Choo is almost exactly similar, and "the greatest nation of the Asiatic continent" is not likely to show less persistency in this matter than it has already in the case of Kuldja. The progress made by the Chinese in naval matters is some further evidence that this empire, with its vast population, strange history, and enormous material resources, is not standing still; and the world can hardly remain unaffected by its development and progress.

IN RAPHAEL'S TIME. — The pope spent eight thousand ducats a month on his table. Yet all his biographers describe it as having been of the simplest character, as he gave to his guests neither expensive wines nor delicate viands. Intellectual pleasures were foremost even at his feasts. When any one gave him a composition, either in prose or verse, he at once read and discussed it, and the rapidity of his judgments amazed his companions as much as their correctness. To complete the picture of this gay and worldly existence we must not omit to mention hunting expeditions, of which Leo was so passionately fond. Those which took place at the Villa Magliana and in the country about Viterbo are still famous in the annals of venery. The court, of course, followed the lead of its master, and Rome seemed almost to have returned to the time of paganism. The banquets given to the pope by Agostino Chigi displayed a pomp worthy of the Roman Empire itself. In the biography of his grandfather, Fabius Chigi, the future pope, Alexander VII., has devoted a chapter to these festivities. The feast given in 1518 by the Siena banker to Leo X., fourteen cardinals, and numerous ambassadors, deserves special mention. It took place in the famous stable just completed by Raphael. We may premise that it took place before the rightful four-footed owners had taken possession. The walls were hung with superb tapestries of golden tissue, which concealed the racks and mangers. On the floor was laid a gorgeous silk carpet made in Flanders. The repast cost two thousand golden ducats, and Leo X., amazed at all this magnificence, said to his host: "Agostino, your banquet has made me afraid of you." "Do not alter your feelings, holy father," replied the artful banker, "this

place is more humble than you think," and, raising the hangings, he showed his Holiness that the dining-hall was no more than a stable. Leo laughed good-humoredly at this rather dangerous pleasantry, and promised to come again. Upon the same occasion Chigi gave another proof of his *savoir faire*. Eleven massive silver plates of great weight having disappeared, doubtless stolen by some of the pope's retinue, Chigi ordered the fact to be kept secret to avoid annoyance to his guests. As soon as the feast was over a hundred horses took their places in the hall. In a second banquet given to the pope a few months later, Chigi showed that he possessed wit as well as a love of magnificence. The feast was held in his pavilion on the bank of the Tiber, and each splendid dish, as it was emptied, was cast by servitors into the water, which was as much as to say that Chigi was so rich in silver plate that he could afford new dishes for each course. The wonder of the guests was great. They did not know that their cunning host had spread nets below the surface of the yellow water, and that after the feast his servants would go a-fishing for silver. At a third banquet the pope himself, twelve cardinals, and a crowd of prelates, were served upon silver dishes, each of which bore the arms of him before whom it was placed. In applauding all this rather vulgar magnificence, Leo X. was a traitor to the teachings of his own family. The ostentation of the Siena banker had little in common with the refined luxury of Cosmo, the "father of his country," of his son Pietro, or of his grandson, "Lorenzo il Magnifico." The Medici palaces had sheltered as many treasures as the villas of Chigi, but a delicate taste and a true love of art had alone dictated their collection. — *Raphael, Eugène Muntz.*